

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 634.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.
(Stamped Edition, 5d.)

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Annual Premium for Assuring 100l. on a single Life.

15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
13 9 1	16 11 2	19 6 2	22 12 2	25 12 5	28 15 4	31 9 5	34 6 7	37 10 3	40 13 9	43 17 6

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Age.	Annuit.	Age.	Annuit.	Age.	Annuit.	Age.	Annuit.
21	£. s. d.	35	£. s. d.	50	£. s. d.	65	£. s. d.
25	3 0 9	40	6 3 9	55	8 4 8	70	13 1 0
30	3 11 5	45	7 0 6	60	9 6 6	75	13 9 0

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Founded in 1815, on the original basis of THE LONDON EQUITABLE. HEAD OFFICE, No. 5, ST. ANDREW-SQUARE, EDINBURGH. Present Accumulated Fund upwards of 845,000l. Annual Revenue upwards of 150,000l. Whole Profits belong to the Assured, and are divided every seven years. President—The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery. Vice-Presidents: Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. The Hon. Lord Moncreiff. The Right Hon. the Lord Justice-General. The Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton. (All of whom, as well as the Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, are permanently connected with the Society by Assurance of more than three years' standing.)

The Surplus Profits ascertained at 31st December last were sufficient to secure—

1. A Retrospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, or 14 per cent. for the Septennial Period, not on the original sum assured, but likewise on the Bonus additions previously declared.
2. A Contingent Prospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, to be paid from and after 31st December last, on all Policies of five years' standing that may emerge before 31st December, 1845, when the next investigation, and consequent Declaration of Bonus, takes place.

The Directors are authorized, by a bye-law of the Society, passed in 1827, to grant Loans to Members on the security of Policies (without any expense charged thereon for a Premium Note), to the extent of nine-tenths of their calculated value at the time. They are likewise empowered to allow Members to commute their Bonus-Additions; i. e. to have their Bonus applied towards reduction of their future Annual Premiums. Thus, for example:—

A, in the year 1820, being then 49 years of age, insured his life for 5000l., paying an annual Premium of.....£25 5 9 He is now 59 years of age, and has an actually vested Bonus or Addition, declared and attached to his Policy, of 1635l. 12s., which, with the 5000l., the original sum assured, shows the full amount of the sum presently standing in the Policy to be.....£5635 19 0 Were A to die in 1845, after payment of his premium for that year, the sum payable under the Policy would be.....£4420 11 9 Or, if it were an object to him to reduce his present Annual Contribution, he might, by giving up his Bonus, reduce his future premium from 98l. 5s. 10d. to.....£20 1 1 Or, if he preferred receiving immediately the present value of his Bonus, he would by surrendering it, be entitled to a sum of.....£1635 12s. 6d. The above example will probably be admitted to be perfectly sufficient to show, in a practical point of view, the great benefits to be derived by parties insuring with this Office.

The Directors are at all times ready to entertain proposals for Loans, either on Redeemable Annuity, or on first Heritable Security. Every information on this or any other subject connected with the Society, may be obtained on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Head Office in Edinburgh, or to any of the Agents, Messrs. ARNOLD MACKENZIE, Managers. Edinburgh, 5, St. Andrew-square. N.B. Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposals to meet any particular contingency or effect any specific object, will be transmitted to parties desirous of obtaining them, and all official communications of this nature are considered as strictly confidential.

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SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Head Office, 3, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh; 7, Pall Mall, London.

The BOOKS of the SOCIETY are CLOSED ANNUALLY on the 31st of December. Parties insuring before that date are entitled to share in the profits of the current year.

JOHN MACKENZIE, Manager.

Nov. 1830. HUGH McKEAN, Agent, 7, Pall Mall, London.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reigns of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate. By John Heneage Jesse. Vols. I. & II. Bentley.

THE object of this work, as stated by the author, is to supply to the general reader that information respecting the private lives and characters of the chief personages in the courts of James and Charles the First, for which he may seek in vain in the strictly historical works of that period, but which affords "the means of introducing him to the principal characters of the day, of exhibiting the monarch and statesman in their undress, and a picture of the manners of the age." The work, therefore, takes the form of those "mémoires pour servir," in which French literature is so rich, and our own so singularly deficient, and from the voluminous collections of Winwood, Rushworth, Birch, Wilson, and others, as well as from the ephemeral literature of the day, Mr. Jesse has compiled two amusing volumes.

The first of the series is a memoir of James; and, on the whole, the character of that strange compound of cunning and pederasty is fairly given. The memoir of Anne of Denmark follows. This queen has been passed over with very slight notice by all our historians, and certainly so far as her moral character is concerned, we have no cause to regret it; but although, from the period of her arrival in England, she exercised no political influence, she certainly exercised an influence far from beneficial over the mind of her favourite son, the unfortunate Charles. Her character is drawn with vigorous truth by Mr. Jesse:—

"A lady remarkable for all the masculine qualities in which her husband was so sadly deficient. Ambitious, bold, enterprising; fond of tumult and grandeur; impatient of control; engaging in all the civil and religious factions of the period; despising her timorous and pedantic husband, and yet vainly endeavouring to govern him and his councils, she failed in her objects from want of capacity, yet saved herself from obloquy by the deepest cunning. James, however subservient he may have been to his passions and his favourites—however deficient in moral and personal courage, was at least no dastard to his wife. With all her turbulence and high spirit, she never obtained the slightest influence over her easy spouse. No two people could be more unlike: the only similarity of character, was in a mutual admiration of masculine beauty. Thwarted in her ambitious views, and piqued at being compelled to yield to a man, whom she so thoroughly despised, her violence and hatred exceeded all bounds. She was in the habit, at Edinburgh, of forcing herself into the King's presence, for the mere purpose of ridiculing him, and diverting herself at his expense. His life is even said to have been in the utmost danger from her violence, while he remained in Scotland. The worst trait in her character was her endeavour to prejudice her children against their father. The contempt of his parent, with which she inspired Prince Henry, was probably, in a great degree, the origin of James's want of natural affection for his son. After his accession to the throne of England, James almost entirely separated himself from his ungovernable wife. Anne was a bigoted Catholic, a fact not generally dwelt upon by historians. The Spaniards indeed, whose interests she adhered to, in opposition to those of France, appear to have rested their hopes of destroying the Protestant faith in England principally on her influence and exertions. She endeavoured to instil her prejudices, in favour of Spain and the Pope, into the mind of her son Prince Henry. For her splendid entertainments, those magnificent masques which made the 'nights more costly than the days,' she has been often and sufficiently celebrated. They appear, however, to have been conducted with but little attention to decorum. The Countess of Dorset mentions in her memoirs, that

there was 'much talk of a mask which the Queen had at Winchester, and how all the ladies about the court had gotten such ill names, that it was grown a scandalous place; and the Queen herself was much fallen from her former greatness and reputation she had in the world.' Peyton's censure is far stronger: 'The masks,' he says, 'and plays at Whitehall were used only as incentives for lust, therefore the courtiers invited the citizens' wives to those shows on purpose to defile them. There is not a chamber nor lobby, if it could speak, but would verify this.' Whatever share the Queen may have had, in effecting a kind understanding between the courtiers and the citizens' wives, it is certain that she herself was far from being averse to the tender passion. Carte tells us that she took a great delight in making the King jealous, and with this view took liberties which were very improper, and were the cause of some excitement at court. It is to be feared, however, that Anne had less her husband's jealousy at heart than her own gratification."

The memoir of Anne is followed by those of her children, and those of the chief nobility; and this grouping together of the principal friends and favourites of James the First, in a view altogether unconnected with the politics of the day, affords, even by itself, a vindication of the feelings and conduct of the popular party. Where, along the whole course of English history, not even excepting the reign of Charles the Second, shall we find a scene of equal perfidy and profligacy: a king playing "fast and loose" with solemn oaths—a queen with a succession of paramours—Somerset and a Buckingham ruling the king, and oppressing the people at their will, ready to invoke the aid of the assassin or poison, as occasion required—a time when the fairest and noblest women purchased charms and poisons from Dr. Ferman, or Dr. Lambe, and when a young girl, scarcely twenty, an earl's daughter, could with her own hands make poisoned confectionery, to take away, by slow and agonizing degrees, the life of a helpless captive.

A short memoir of Bacon succeeds; and as the reader may like to know how so illustrious a man passed his time, what amusement he preferred, and even what diet, we shall make a few extracts:—

"Ben Jonson and Richard Earl of Dorset were among the number of his friends. The latter was so great an admirer of his genius, that, according to Aubrey, he employed Sir Thomas Billingsley (the celebrated horseman) to write down whatever fell from the lips of the great philosopher in his social discourse. He liked to compose in his garden, accompanied either by a friend or amanuensis, who instantly committed his thoughts to paper. Among others whom he thus employed was Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury. Aubrey informs us that this person was so beloved by his lord, that 'he was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves when he did meditate, and when a notion darted into his mind Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down; and his lord was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him, for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves.' Sometimes he would have music in the room adjoining that in which he composed. He was also accustomed to drink strong beer before going to bed; in order, we are told, 'to lay his working fancy asleep, which otherwise would keep him waking a great part of the night.' Aubrey said: 'The aviary at York-house was built by his lordship, and cost 300*l*. Every meal, according to the season of the year, he had his table strewn with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory. When he was at his country-house at Gorbamby, St. Alban's seemed as if the court had been there, so nobly did he live. His servants had liveries with his crest; his watermen were more employed by gentlemen than even the King's. King James sent a buck to him, and he gave the keeper 50*l*.' Howell, in his letters, mentions a similar instance of his liberality, on his receiving a buck

from one of the royal domains. He sent for the under-keeper who had brought the present, and 'having drunk the King's health unto him in a great silver gilt bowl,' gave it to him as his fee. * * Bacon was apparently little distressed by his fall. Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, happening to encounter him almost immediately after that event, with equal bad taste and bad feeling, wishing him, ironically, a merry Easter!—'And to you, signior,' replied Bacon, 'I wish a merry Pass-over!' The reply not only comprehended a wish that the Ambassador were well out of the kingdom, but alluded to his supposed Jewish origin, the greatest insult which could have been offered to a Spaniard."

The second volume commences with a memoir of Charles the First; the series of omens which accompanied his accession and coronation, give almost a poetical character to the commencement of his reign.

"Notwithstanding that it was altogether in opposition to the practice of his predecessors, Charles affectionately insisted on presiding as chief mourner at the funeral of his father. Young as he was, it was the third time that he had performed the same melancholy office, having previously attended his mother, and his brother Prince Henry, to their last home. The superstitious argued from the circumstance, that a career of sorrow was in store for the survivor. Many, indeed, were the circumstances on which, even when in the very height of his prosperity, his contemporaries founded a similar belief; and when we remember the subsequent misfortunes which befel the unhappy Charles, we cannot but regard them as curious; at the same time they are instructive as showing the temper of the times. Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, who had been his chaplain when Prince of Wales, was selected to deliver his coronation sermon. The Bishop took for his text: Rev. ii. 10, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life,' &c.; a passage which was considered by the superstitious as far more suitable for his funeral sermon, than as adapted to the brilliant occasion on which it was delivered; moreover, during the ceremony it was discovered that the wing of the gold dove had been completely broken off. Charles himself, contrary to the custom of his ancestors, probably to denote the purity of his intentions, had selected a robe of white, instead of purple, as his coronation dress. Purple having been ever considered the badge of sovereignty, as white was the emblem of innocence, it was inferred that hereafter he would have to rely upon his own virtues and integrity, rather than upon the greatness of regal power. His neglecting to ride through the city, attended with that state which had graced his forefathers on the days of their coronation, was also deemed equally portentous and ill-advised. Even the melancholy expression of his countenance was held to be ominous of future ill. When his picture was conveyed to Rome, to afford the design of a bust, the artist turned to the gentleman who brought it:—he hoped, he said, it was not the face of a near relation, for it was one of the most unfortunate he had ever seen, and, according to all the rules of art, the person whose it was must die a violent death."

The determination of Charles to wear white as his coronation dress, was earnestly opposed by many of his advisers, who reminded him that both the unfortunate Richard the Second, and the equally unfortunate Henry the Sixth, had worn white satin; but Charles—and it displays his characteristic obstinacy—although superstitious as his advisers, peremptorily refused to yield, and the third "white king" was crowned. And it has been observed that he went to his grave in a pall of his favourite colour—for the snow fell heavily at the time; and during the short period which elapsed between the body being conveyed from the castle to St. George's Chapel, the black pall was completely hidden by a covering of snow, "the colouring of innocence," says his attached follower, Sir Thomas Herbert. Mr. Jesse's remarks on Charles are candid and judicious:—

"It was his misfortune to live in troubled and extraordinary times. A people had been roused to a sense of their wrongs. The spirit of freedom was

abroad, and a watchword was merely wanting to arm a nation in favour of those privileges, which, in times of darkness and slavery, had been wrested from it. Under such circumstances, the errors or oppressions of a long line of Kings were easily associated with their reigning representative; and Charles became the sacrifice to a long established system of misrule, rather than to an individual offence. The hero and the martyr of one faction, and the reputed tyrant of another, few monarchs have been more exalted by their friends, or execrated by their enemies. Let us, however, in discussing the character of Charles divest ourselves as much as possible from the curse of party prejudice. Let us separate the monarch from the man, the pious Christian from the wavering politician; ever bearing in mind that the faults of the Prince were the dictates of conscience; that his failings were the result of education; but that all his virtues were his own. On the one hand then, we discover a weak and vacillating monarch, submitting to the narrow counsels of inferior minds, neither compromising with grace, nor refusing with dignity; enforcing religious intolerance; and contending with the energies of a great people, and the genius of a remarkable period, by unmeaning promises and paltry intrigues. Unfortunately in the political, and most contemptible school of his father, he had early been initiated in kingcraft and insincerity; and the same Prince whose high sense of honour was so remarkable in private life, proved himself the most deficient in political integrity. It was this great moral failing which rendered his war with his subjects a war to the knife. Where truth was made subservient to policy on the one hand, submission was rendered impracticable on the other; for how could his subjects restore to him a power, which they imagined, however solemn in the compact, would be turned against themselves?"

In the account of Charles's imprisonment and execution, we are sorry to find quotations given from such a source as 'The Trials of the Regicides.' Surely the bitter party (and often personal) feeling under which the chief witnesses gave their evidence renders their testimony of very little value. It must have been from works of this character alone that Mr. Jesse discovered that Bradshaw was an "insignificant lawyer,"—a strange phrase, by which to designate a man who was raised to the most important office in the Commonwealth, and on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. Whatever opinion may be formed of their principles, the judges of Charles were not deficient in sound judgment; and, were other proof wanting, the circumstance alone that they thought Bradshaw fitted to be their president, is sufficient proof of his competency. We trust that when Mr. Jesse enters on that portion of his task which will involve the characters of the chief men of the Protectorate, he will exercise the same sound discrimination which he has shown in respect to the unfortunate Charles.

Pictures of the French, drawn by Themselves.
Parts 1 to 7. W. S. Orr & Co.

This publication—a counterpart to the "Heads of the People" recently taken off at home—is pleasant as a remembrance of the characteristic shapes which people Paris,—one subject only, "The Country School," having reference to provincial life. But the metropolis here illustrated is not altogether the twofold city, "plein d'or et de misère," so admirably displayed in the songs of Béranger. There is a grain of truth as well as an ounce of farce in the complaint of the redoubtable M. Fanfan la Blague,—vide the sketch of the "Pensioner,"—who declares that the publisher never gives anything else "but sketches of genteel people:" for remark, gentle reader, what a list of missing characters the said Fanfan makes out:—

"The Tippler, the Bully, the Professor of Slang, the Shoe-black, the Horse-skinner, the Tripeman, the Scavenger, the Bricklayer's Labourer, the Lemonade-seller at a furthing glass, the Dealer in Pota-

toes fried in water, the Dutch Company with their gravy soup concocted of old bones, the Lamplighter, the Walking Gentleman of the Funambules, the Tenor of Lazari, the Miscreant at Madame Squai's, the Thief's public-house keeper, the Informer, the Escaped Convict, the Incorrigible Pickpocket, the Larker, the Drummer."

As regards ourselves, without desiring any very close or frequent insights into the slang world of Paris, we cannot but feel that a certain monotony of character is given to this work, not only by the preponderance of subjects from the *salon*, but by the preponderance of the *ton de salon*, in which these subjects are described and wrought out. The same character, more or less, pervades the clever illustrations by MM. Gavarni and Henri Monnier. But the truth to nature is rather warranted than impeached by their strong family-likeness, which distinguishes the subjects from the motley crew sketched by our own Kenny Meadows, and described, without extenuation, by our own legion of pen-and-ink painters. Any one familiar with the aspect of Paris cannot but have remarked that there are certain modes of universal acceptance—certain expressions of feature and attitude, which are equally to be met with in the imaginary heroes and heroines of the historical painter, and in the *grisette* or the *décrotteur* of the common highways—certain tones of voice which are common to the gilded saloon of the Chausée d'Antin, the faded palaces of the Faubourg, the gallery of the Funambules, and the *guinguette* without the *barrière*. The shades of diversity between class and class are no doubt distinct, but too delicately marked to offer a very wide scope to the caricaturist—and caricaturist must he be, of necessity, who undertakes to fill a niche or a page in a work like the one under notice.

Perhaps, among all the figures presented to us, there is none more characteristically Parisian than the 'Grocer.' He is Parisian too, of the newest cut: for an editorial note, extracted from the *London Review*, will inform the already uninitiated that,—

"Since the Restoration, the Grocer has become the type of a class of men very widely diffused in France. There are coarse and narrow understandings which have neither the creed and feelings of the past, nor those of the future, and which maintain a fixed middle point amid the movement of ideas; this is what we call *l'Esprit Epicier*, applied to literature, to the arts, to the mode of living, and manifesting itself in manner, style, and taste, by something obsolete, vulgar, and awkward, tinged with the ridiculous; this spirit has created what we call *le Genre Epicier*."

Let us see how M. H. de Balzac shows up this type of the shopocracy of modern Paris. The outward man, and the manifold wares in which he trades, have been enumerated after the minute and burlesque fashion of *Figaro* in his "Numero quindici": we now come to his mental accomplishments and characteristics:—

"There are men, who, from a pinnacle of false grandeur,—or of an intellect that has grown squeamish and hard to please,—or of a very fine artistically-cut beard and whiskers, look down and cry *raca* on the Grocer. They have made his name to stand for a proverb, a class, a system, an opinion, a figure as European and encyclopedian as his shop. To express a whole series of insults at once, they cry out to a man, 'You are a Grocer.' Let us have done with these Dioctetians of Grocery. Why do you blame a Grocer? Is it because he has chocolate-coloured, coffee-coloured, or green-tea-coloured breeches?—because he wears blue stockings in slippers?—because the tassel that dangles from his seal-skin cap is of dirty green silver or of dingy black gold?—because the triangular tail of his apron reposes on the region of his midriff? Is it this you find fault with, democrats that you are, and anti-like children of labour—for this, which is the praiseworthy emblem of labour? Is it because a Grocer is supposed to know nothing about arts, or literature,

or politics? Who is it, pray, that has swallowed up the editions of Voltaire and Rousseau?—who buys the pictures of Dabufe?—who holds in reverence the Legion of Honour?—who cries at the melodrama?—who takes shares in impossible companies?—who reads Paul de Kock?—who caused the triumph of the Postillon de Lonjumeau?—who goes to and admires the museum at Versailles?—who buys gilt clocks, with Mamelukes on the top weeping over their chargers?—who is it that votes for the candidates of the opposition, and at the same time supports the strongest measures of the government?—the Grocer, the Grocer, I say—the Grocer. At the threshold of all emergencies, be they ever so perplexing, you find him ready and watchful, just as he is at his own door; he does not comprehend everything, but he supports everything by his labour, by his silence, by his energy and by his money! If we are not at this moment avages, Spaniards, or Saint-Simonians, thank the noble army of Grocers: for it has maintained all things. Perhaps it would maintain one system as well as another, Republican, Imperialist, Bourbonist, Louis Philippist, all the same. 'To maintain' is the Grocer's motto: if he did not maintain some social system, to whom would he sell? In a great crisis the Grocer is the representative of the conserved opinion: he advances or he draws back, he speaks or he is silent. In all established humbugs, what a noble belief he has! Prevent him, if you can, from crowding to see the picture of Jane Grey, from subscribing for General Foy's children, from insisting on the restoration of Napoleon's ashes, from swearing by asphaltum, from dressing out his little son like a Polish lancer or a national guard, as the case may be: prevent him, if you can, all your bragging journals, you who bend pen and press to do him honour, you who smile on him, and in your newspaper traps put all sorts of baits to catch Grocers. * * By what fatality then has this pivot of society, this tranquil instance of practical philosophy, this perpetual industry,—by what fatality has the Grocer been pitched on to stand as the type of stupidity? What virtues does he not possess?—he possesses all, all. Have you ever seen the National Guard turn out, to welcome the illustrious living, to follow the illustrious dead—to the tomb or to the palace?—who are those who march? Long, glorious, waving lines of Grocers. As for their constancy, it is fabulous; there is not one of these men but cheerfully cuts off his ears daily with his *whit* collars: there is not one of them but gaily goes through, from day to day, the same series of jokes with his customers. To see the sympathy with which he takes the last twopence from the widow or the orphan, is enough to break your heart;—to see his modesty in the presence of his betters, is enough to make one proud of human nature! * * If there be happiness in the world, the Grocer's boy represents it. A little Grocer's boy hath a red face and a blue apron, and beyond this, nothing. His joy is to dawdle on the shopstep, and ogle she-passengers in the street. He jokes with customers, he admires his mistress, he is happy with a ticket to the play: his master he considers to be a mighty man, and longs for the day when he, like Mr. Grocer, shall shave his chin in the round looking-glass, and, like him, shall have a wife to air his shirts and neckcloth, and lay out his pantaloon. To turn shepherd and live in Arcadia, as Poussin would have it, is a mere joke. The Grocer's happiness is one of the most enviable of the world. Rogues of the pen and pencil, who sneer at Genius and Grocers alike, let us admit that a certain little round belly does distinguish the latter, and may give occasion to a little satire. Yes, truly, it must be admitted, that at reviews, when the National Guards present arms, the Grocers present likewise a stomachic bulge, which perhaps deranges the symmetry of the line. Of this waviness we have heard puffy colonels bitterly complain. But who ever heard of a thin or a pale Grocer? Such a man would be dishonoured. Would you have a Grocer passionate or romantic? No: they have, once for all,—bellies. Louis XVIII. had one—Napoleon had one. Here are two noble instances; quarrel not with the Grocer for his."

The 'Grisette,' the 'Lady of Fashion,' and the 'Law Student,' which are also included in the first part, are described in a like drolling strain, but hardly with so much force and

piquancy. Part the second contains 'Political Ladies'; the 'Literary Adventurer,' a clever sketch by Alberic Second, but too diffuse to admit of extract—the 'Monthly Nurse,' who is as like her English sister as one pea to another, and 'the Rapin,' or colour-grinder—the fag of the painter's pupils, with his attenuated enthusiasm and pretensions—his attempts at a romantic toilette, amounting merely to an 'extreme' and unkempt luxuriance of hair. There is little beyond this last characteristic to distinguish him from the lowest item in the *suite* of our Lawrences or Wilkies—an item which may, nevertheless, one day surprise the world by soaring to success, fame, and patronage! The 'Lady of Fashion,' the 'Physician,' the 'Attorney,' are all our own, with but little difference; but the 'Figurante' is Parisian all over. The tone of romance thrown over that important dynasty, the theatrical realm of Paris, how different from the spirit of those melodramatic regions of mixed farce and mock solemnity over which our Mr. Crummles preside!—is most happily conveyed to paper by M. Philibert Audebrand, "The blaze of the foot-lights," says he, and the fiery world behind them, make up "the rosy dream that is for ever hovering over a number of our young Parisian girls. Of those I mean who are born in the porter's lodge, as well as of the merry chatters, the pretty recluses of the milliner's work-room, who hang all day, like so many Penelopes, over their eternal task of gauze and ribbons. After the labours of the week, when they return to their garrets, excited by the terrors of a noisy tragedy or a gloomy melodrama, it is that dream which peoples their slumbers, it is that which sits upon their eye-lids, and casts its spell over them. The rich attire, the queen's mantle starred with spangles, the floating tunic of some Greek maid, the silver-laced stomacher, the pearl band in the hair, the ear-rings, the diamond necklace, the topaz ring, the pure white complexion,—(not an actress but may put on that)—the silken sandal,—it is all like fairy-land,—and I know not if at such times Shakespeare's Queen Mab does not smile upon the sleepers.—Poor children! they fancy they are applauded,—covered with garlands,—caressed—the favourites of Paris: they enjoy the longing looks cast after them; they enjoy the beauty for which they are praised. Oh! that the delusion of such dreams would but stop there! The next day, at their work, as they prattle with the needle and scissors in their hand, there is not one who cannot repeat some snatch of last night's comedy: there is not one but will take a part in it: one will try her voice! another has caught up an attitude—the boldest of them can recite the whole of that speech which the house applauded so vehemently. Their pastime is a parody, but there is emulation at the bottom of it. Some are for the old school, others for modern declamation. The desire of theatrical success grows on them insensibly—it is fostered by a thousand enchanting fables, whispered from ear to ear, of the incomparable success of the theatrical divinity of the day. Not a girl in Paris has ever forgotten that before Mademoiselle — came out at the opera—(and she owed her success to nothing but her beautiful eyes)—she was a milliner; as for Mademoiselle —, she was nothing but a sempstress; Mademoiselle — was, they say, a stage below her; but Mademoiselle — was certainly lower still.—The path of these delusions is as slippery as glass when once the foot is upon it. These poor foolish chits may aspire, they think, to anything. After these necessary preliminaries, a few more days suffice to disgust them with the toil of the workshop. The furbelows are cast aside: the fashions of the month are forgotten: the work-basket is shut up with disdain; and every Sunday, the bird gets out of her cage to enlist from ten in the morning till three, amongst the dramatic recruits of M. Saint Aulaire. There is now no going back—the stage is before her, the part suits her, the piece was made for her, the public of that theatre is more ready to applaud than to blame. Nothing tells her that she is not first-rate in the confidants of Voltaire's tragedies, and in the brazen-tongued handmaids of Molière. The way lies clear before her—the least trial she can make

of her strength is to solicit from a manager the favour of a speedy first appearance: need I add that, without a moment's hesitation, the manager has great pleasure in engaging her—as a figurante.

"When she first comes out, the Figurante is about seventeen—sometimes more, seldom less. Her first appearance is hailed by a battery of double opera-glasses, raised to decide whether she is light or dark, whether she has good eyes and long eye-lashes, or whether she has not some other grace to throw away upon the sultans of the stalls—a roguish mouth, a rounded arm, a taper hand, a small foot—and I know not what treasures besides. She is pretty—so much the better, but that is not enough. All her charms would be of no great use if she is not to be allowed to put them forward. To be good-looking is an excellent reason for succeeding; but to be alive, that is to say, to be gay, alert, taking, with a speaking eye, a good figure, and a pretty leg, is more than a reason for succeeding—it is certain success. Success for the Figurante, means the privilege of leading the troop—whether it be a bevy of peasant girls round the may-pole, or a frolic of city-maidens on a holiday. To obtain this foremost place, there is no artifice she would not use. All the tricks of women's wit—a brighter shawl, a more smiling mouth, a smaller shoe, an arm more neatly flung a-kimbo, like the handle of an Etruscan vase; an impassioned glance at the stage-manager, a little slander about her rival's looks,—a kiss, perhaps,—certainly a good turn,—she will do anything or everything if you will but let her go first: nay, she would submit to the judgment of Paris over again; nothing in the whole world could afflict her so much as to fall backwards in successive slips from place to place, till she finds herself the last joint of the tail: at that distance, you know, however pretty the head may be, it is only the head of the tail, out of sight of the public."

This picture, in which something of the sadness of ambition born to be disappointed, chequers an extensive display of coquetry and frivolity, wants but, for its thorough completion, the clever sketch of the 'Actress's Mother,' (Part V.)—a no less truthful caricature of its class, than Vernet's inimitable representation of 'Le Père de la Débutante.' Its vivacity and cleverness would tempt us to extract it, did we not remember that the green-room and the saloon hold not English interests in thrall, as strongly as they do those of our neighbours.

One of the most delicately characteristic sketches in the series is that of the 'Canoness'; but the class is altogether too fictitious, and its traits too subtle, to make the representation, either pictorial or literary, appreciated by the great public of England so highly as their truth deserves. 'The Keeper of the Table-d'hôte'—a figure no less exclusively French—has been hit off with greater piquancy in the 'Book of the Hundred-and-One.'

Perhaps the most powerfully executed contribution, is M. Cormenin's 'Court of Assize.' There is humanity as well as satire in the following passages:—

"I know of no finer part in the drama of our Assizes than that of accuser-general, if he maintain the calmness and the gravity of the public which he represents. The public acts not for vengeance, but in self-defence: it seeks to protect, not to persecute the criminal; and when convicted he is handed over to the executive officers of the law. The only eloquence the public approves is that of Truth; the only force to be employed in the public service is that of Justice. When a man has been apprehended, and is dragged between two soldiers to sit in a dock in front of the twelve citizens who are to try him—of the Court which is to interrogate him—of the counsel for the Crown who is to arraign him, and of the curious public searching his looks—that man, though he should have worn a king's robe and borne a king's sceptre—is then nothing more than an object of compassion. His fortune, his freedom, his life, his honour, dearer than his life, are in your hands.—Gentlemen of the Bench and of the Bar, what are your emotions? Little do they understand their office and their calling, who debate the magistrate in the man, the actor, the partisan. They do not arraign

the prisoner—they plead, they hawl, they rave, they rage with invective; now they arrange the folds of their black drapery in studied folds, to accuse with elegance, as the gladiators of Rome studied the attitude in which they should gracefully await the death-stroke; now they mimic the gesture and the voice of a tragedy-king, and fancy they are making an effect when they are only making a noise. Erect at the bar, with a countenance flaming with animation, they command the jury, seated at their feet; they perplex them with gesticulation—they stun them with vociferation. I have seen jurors shut their eyes and stop their ears at the approach of these storms of rhetoric,—of these deafening clamours. Pity, oh! pity for the jury, if not for the prisoners! The jury did not come into court to witness the scenes of an imaginary drama. When they go to the play it is quite another thing: there they go to take pleasure in the emotions of the stage. They go to be terrified—they go to be moved. They take with them a handkerchief, to bring it back soaked with tears; and they know all the time the prisoners and tyrants of melodrama, who worry their prosy speeches for effect, are, in all other respects, a worthy set of fellows; and that the martyrs who are massacred in the side-scenes remain in excellent health notwithstanding, and very willingly resume with their assassins the game at dominoes in the coffee-room down stairs, which was interrupted by the raising of the curtain. After all, if the actor play amiss, the spectators may hiss him, without prejudice to the author."

"There are judges who lol in their chairs, as if they were taking their ease; there are judges who sketch pen-caricatures of the people in court, who twine their fingers through their curls, who pass all the pretty women in court in review with their eye-glasses, who intimidate the prisoner by the harsh and imperious brevity of their questions, who affront and put out the witnesses, bully the counsel, and provoke the jury. Some are ridiculous, and others impertinent; but there are some who are worse than either—those who give way to all their passions as men or as partisans. They rush into the strife of politics—their weapons in their hand—their finger on the trigger; they open upon the jury all the batteries of the accusation; they throw into the shade the defence; they lump the facts of the case together, instead of clearing them up; they expatiate upon times, and places, and persons, and characters, and opinions, wholly foreign to the cause; they want to court the government, or a coterie, or a personage; they hint that what the jury still consider as a mere charge, is in their eyes a convicted crime; they point out its obvious commission and its imminent danger; they quibble with law, and flourish with rhetoric; they supply fresh arguments, which they invent, to those which the public accuser has left untouched, and excuse themselves by saying such is the language of the indictment, though the indictment says nothing of the sort, and they add a falsehood to their shame."

"The president of a Court of Assize has not only to conduct the trial, but likewise to exercise a supreme authority in the court; and in those courts the public is unlike any other public. A few workmen out of work, a few loose women, haunters of taverns and hells, thieves at the commencement or the close of their career, men escaped from the galleys, the lary, the good-for-nothing, and the good-for-nothing-else, squeeze their way to the foot of the staircase which leads into court. No sooner is it opened than they rush in; they press each other, they elbow, they jostle, they stand on tiptoes, and look from a distance like a black living mass, which sends forth rude exclamations, stifled cries, coarse jokes, and a brutal hubbub of offended decency, angry oaths, and strange slang. The swindler or the assassin comes there to learn how a witness may be thrown out, how a question may be evaded, how an alibi may be invented, how a fact may be distorted, and how the criminal code may be interpreted. Another man comes in there from mere curiosity, and goes out with the temptation of crime in his heart—a fruitful though a tainted seed. The mania of imitation drives more people into crime than all the machinery of the law, and the terrors of punishment, can deter from it. The Court of Assize is a detestable school of immorality. Such is the back-ground of the auditory. The people—say rather the populace—stand in the pit; but ladies—ladies dressed out in their frouces,

and feathers, and flowers, anxious to see and be seen—occupy the first places, the stalls of that dreadful theatre!

"Women of the world are not cruel, but they are the most curious creatures in the universe: they live on emotions; they die of emotions every five minutes; they have lovers for their verses, and verses for their lovers; they must, forsooth, suffer to enjoy, and enjoy to suffer. Your woman of the world dreads nothing so much as regular hours, a sleepy existence, and the genial indolence of the boudoir and the easy chair. She is for ever on the wing from noon to night, at the theatre, at the chambers, at church, in the park, at balls,—she is always in search of whatever may excite, or amuse, or shake, or convulse, or unsettle her wretched body or her wretched soul. Everything she touches multiplies her existence. She rushes, with all her passion and all her spirit, into every sensation that chances to cross her,—obstacles are nothing to her: she has made up her mind to see a thing, and she will see it. She will write ten three-cornered notes, on pink paper, to the Judge, to obtain the favour of an admission and a seat—a chair—nay, a stool—at the trial. At daybreak, she leaves her soft and warm bed to wait at the door of the court: there she stands, with a keen north-easter in her teeth, and her feet in the mud; she shivers all over; the door opens; she darts on, she presses forward, she crowds, she pushes, and at last she gets in through the gendarmes and the police, and the black gowns of the bar. She hangs on the skirts of a policeman's coat, talks to him softly in his ear, and does not let him go till she is placed, and squatted at her ease, with her eye-glass at her eye, close to the prisoner and near the judges. Mark how she follows, step by step, the living drama which is going on; mark how her bosom swells with emotion after emotion! If the prisoner has a rough beard and haggard eyes, she looks at him with the pleasure of fear,—emotion. If his cheeks are ruddy, and his hair neatly curled, 'Poor fellow—a smart lad,' says she; 'what a pity!'—emotion. If the witnesses come in hanging their arms, and talking nonsense, she laughs in her handkerchief,—emotion. If the prisoner sobs, she falls to crying from sympathy,—emotion. If somebody in court faints, she rushes up, cuts the lace, and offers her smelling-bottle,—another sort of emotion. But unless the solid pillars of the court give way, she will not give up her seat. Her eyes are riveted to the eyes of the prisoner; she clings to his lips; she feasts upon the ineffable terrors of a human soul. The hours fly, night is coming on, the jury has retired, still she waits—she waits to hear the fatal sentence, and the convict's sigh; she catches the last flutter of that tattered conscience; she listens for his slightest exclamation—for his stifled groan; she follows him with one long look when he is removed from the dock, till the prison doors turn upon their hinges, and then she falls back on her chair, absorbed, overpowered, by what she has seen. The keeper of the court is obliged to tell her that the court is cleared, and to show her the way out. She drags herself along the passages of the building; she gets home, worn out, tired to death, her nerves shattered, her soul afflicted, and throws herself on her bed. Still she shudders; she is flushed; she turns pale with imaginary horror; she sees the dungeon, the fetters, the court, the accuser, the headman, the guillotine—she screams with agony!—A worthy woman!"

But we must have done,—at least for the present,—when we have commended the careful manner in which the work is brought out, and the neat and spirited ease with which, for the most part, the difficult task of rendering the letter-press into English has been accomplished, by the several translators.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

The natural year is already bringing his visible anthology to a close. One by one our summer visitors have taken their departure, and now only the long-suffering Chrysanthemum, the *Astræa* of its tribe, is left to tell of the Beauty which once was omnipresent on the earth. By a similar economy we shall dismiss, albeit with somewhat more of courtesy, the remnant of our later visitors, in order to pay a fitting and separate homage to their successors,

who doubtless, even "before the swallow dares," will press forward to supply the places of the absent and—the forgotten.

Without further preface, then, but taking a hint from the wise Tarquinius, who decapitated his tallest poppies first, we shall begin with one of the longest and most soporific in our collection, entitled '*The Redeemer*,' by William Howarth: and here let us remark, that no duty, appertaining to the "ungentle craft," can be more distasteful than that which, as in the present instance, obliges the critic to speak disparagingly of one, for whose motives, and character, and in short for everything with the one exception of his Poetry, he can feel nothing but sympathy and respect. Mr. Howarth is modest and unassuming, and has not so much overrated, as misunderstood, the nature and the extent of his powers. The great block over which he stumbled at the first step, and lamed himself incurably for the rest of his Pilgrimage, was his choice of a subject. Doubtless there are episodes in the life of our Saviour capable of being amplified, if not adorned, by the graces of poetic diction. But a lengthened poem, embodying forth the whole life of the '*Redeemer*,' must necessarily owe a great portion of its details to imagination, which, in connexion with such a subject, would be misapplied, for the Gospels are not a continuous and complete biography—or else must be a mere rhythmical version of the events recorded in the simple prose of the Evangelists, scattered links of a chain which can no longer be united. The latter observation applies to the poem in question: and had the author entitled it a "*Diastessaron in Rhyme*," or "*Poetic Harmony of the four Gospels*," however unfavourably we might have thought of the work, we could not have quarrelled with its designation; as it is, we are under the necessity of finding fault with both. What is required to be known on the subject we know already,—and when we turn from the simple pages of holy writ, to the weak and unsatisfactory dilutions of the work before us, we are startled at the temerity which has ventured to grapple with such a subject. If the ark be in need of human support, other and less rash hands than those of Uzzah must be found to render it.

We shall now proceed to a poem in six books, with the somewhat aspiring title of '*Immortality*,' and which we hope may reach the place it is directed to. As a slight sketch of the locality in question is appended to the work, we shall present it to our readers to obviate mistakes, and ensure it safe delivery if possible:—

The noble house where their assemblies meet,
To me seemed what is truly called complete:
The centre room, capacious far beyond
Where mortal thoughts of large would correspond,
Has for its wings wide spreading offices
Of height proportion'd to its extensive size:
The centre part surmounted by a dome
Whose span, to what e'er graced imperial Rome,
Appears a sky. This stately dome sublime
Contains the means to mark celestial time.
There systems round their central systems roll
(Part of th' innumerable, amazing-whole),
Depending each on all,—as sphere on spheres,
They run the thousands of celestial years.
The solar system 'mongst the rest is seen,
A part component of this mighty scene;
And its own motions in itself as 't goes,
The hour, the day, the year with truth disclose,
Of every planet seen revolving there
Round our own mighty central solar sphere.
While round the distant planets, satellites
Pursue, unerringly, their rapid flights.
The like is fully known of all of those
The planets that each system's worlds compose,
By those who learned in celestial lore
Find heavenly pleasure such things to explore.

Assuredly this is not only sublime—but a step beyond it. As for the present state of philosophy among the immortals, it may be gathered *inter alia* from the following profound and moral reflection:—

Where amputations are,
The parted nerves' remains will oft refer
A pain to the lost fingers or lost toes,
Where all must know 't is not! Plain inference goes
To prove, reasoning unprejudiced from hence,
That 't is not in the nerves where lies the sense:
The nerve impress'd false intimation gives;
The brain, their fount, as falsely it receives,
And but reflection can correct the wrong:
Nor can there be an evidence more strong
That both are but mere instruments: the soul
Alone reflects and feels, and from it springs the whole.
Sense is not where at first it seems to be,
Is proved; the cerebral extremity
Gives no more proof that it more than conveys
Impressions to the all-percipient soul, which each obeys.

"Which"—to borrow the burthen of the old song "nobody can deny."

Whether the publication of the preceding volume gave occasion to the one which immediately follows, and is entitled '*Tears in Heaven*,' we cannot say—'Laughter on earth,' we should have considered a more legitimate consequence; but be that as it may, the coincidence is a curious one. The following stanza in Mr. Brock's poem affords in the last line but one a fine specimen of the prophetic simile, coming as it does from the mouth of an Angelic messenger, anterior to the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise:

Ye myriad hosts of heaven attend;
Man, image of our Lord;
Man who with God, as friend and friend,
In converse walked abroad;
Man, man hath fall'n! Hark, dismal sounds
Come rumbling through the air,
Like warrior groaning 'neath his wounds,—
'Tis guilty Adam's prayer.

We have often heard of science being pressed into the service of poetry, and find her in the following verse supplying an epithet for the ocean, which is certainly original—

O! 'tis sweet when sephyr's, wending
O'er the maritime plains,
Bear the ocean's music, and blending
Gentle gales with dulcet strains;
Sweetly pleasing 'tis to hear
Sound of many waters here.

Fearing from these specimens that the author is a little beyond our usual range of criticism, we pass on to '*Continental Fragments*,' by Charles Richard Wild, a collection of short poems descriptive of scenery, and the impressions thereby created—somewhat after the style of Rogers's Italy, of which we are occasionally reminded. That our author also is not unacquainted with the works of Shelley, will be evident from the following passage, a mere echo of remembered music:

That night I watch'd
For many hours, for it was beautiful;
The softest sigh e'er breath'd in evening's ear,
The gentlest zephyr woke by western winds,
Were discord to the stillness that prevail'd;
Such quiet reign'd around that witching night.

Now let us turn to '*Queen Mab*.'

How beautiful this night! the balmy sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude,
That works this moveless scene, &c.

We merely refer to this passage as an additional proof of the author's resemblance to the 'Poet of Memory,' alluded to above.

'*Short Essays in Verse*,' by Robert Bartley, may be dismissed with a brief notice. In the '*Paradise Lost*,' Milton describes the more intellectually disposed of the fallen angels as sitting apart, and reasoning—

Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-Will, Foreknowledge absolute,
and losing themselves in the labyrinth. Mr. Bartley, however, in a note to his opening poem, congratulates himself on having cleared up all doubts on the subject, and set the question at rest for ever. The remainder of the volume consists of occasional sonnets, constructed on the Abel Shuffelbotham principle, with all the strong lines in Italics,—and scripture pieces, including the Lord's Prayer done into verse.

'*The Buried Bride*' is a dramatic version, somewhat marred in the telling, of the old Italian story which the name will doubtless bring to the reader's recollection. The author's great mistake consists in dividing a certain quantity of prose into the requisite number of syllables, and imagining that it is changed into poetry by the process. Take the following passage for instance, which occurs in one of the minor poems (?)—

"The dark impression of his troubled dream passed from the mind of Hippasus with the clouds of night. The vision of his Mother's form beckoning him to his home, still seemed to float before his eyes," &c.

We could find an equal justification of our remark in almost every page, not, however, without occasional glimpses at better things, of which the following is a specimen: it describes the supposed death of the Bride:—

It was sudden as the lightning's flash,
Death did no more disturb her tranquil brow,
Than does the swallow's wing the glassy lake,
Which scarcely ruffled, settles soon again,
With Heav'n reflected on its smooth expanse,

Across her placid features passed a cloud,
Which seem'd the shadow of an Angel's wing,
Sent to conduct her spirit to the skies;
And then, Heaven's light beamed on them as you see:
'*Festus*' is a rambling poem, constructed on what
is said to have been the Elizabethan principle of
domestic architecture—long passages "that lead to
nothing." The idea is a mere plagiarism from the
'Faust' of Goethe, with all its impiety and scarcely
any of its poetry. There is amusement in many of
the pathetic portions, and it is only when the au-
thor wishes to be humorous that we begin to be
serious. Take for instance the diabolic hint
at below:

And there is God! and I will be the Devil.
Very well. I am the Devil.
One says, I think you are.
You look as if you lived on buttered thunder.
Here, too, is a little pastoral episode which occurs
at a country fair:—

[Another couple dancing.]
She. What a poor stick you are.
He. Why, love? You are.
She. Because I stick to you?
He. What should you think?
She. That I can leave you.
He. Such ridiculous
Nonsense! Come take my hand!
He. I'll see you further.

The following ode amply deserves to be set to
music and sung at the meetings of the Ornithological
Society: it is excellent—in its way:—

The crow! the crow! the great black crow!
He cares not to meet us wherever we go;
He cares not for man, beast, friend, nor foe.
For nothing will eat him he well doth know.
Know! know! you great black crow!
It's a comfort to feel like a great black crow!
The crow! the crow! the great black crow!
He loves the fat meadow—his taste is low;
He loves the fat corn, and he dines in a row
With fifty fine cousins all black as a sloe.
Sloe! sloe! you great black crow!
But it's jolly to fare like a great black crow.
The crow! the crow! the great black crow!
He never gets drunk on the rain nor snow;
He never gets drunk, but he never says, no!
If you press him to tinkle ever so.
So! so! you great black crow!
It's an honour to soak like a great black crow.
The crow! the crow! the great black crow!
He lives for a hundred years and mo';
He lives till he dies, and he dies as slow
As the morning mists down the hill that go.
Go! go! you great black crow!
But it's fine to live and die like a great black crow.

It would be easy for us to quote passages wherein
both power and fancy are discernible, but the one is
so abused, and the other misapplied in almost every
instance, as to make selection a matter of diffi-
culty.

'*Poems*,' by I. Purchas, are the production of a
young man just escaped from the trammels of a
public school, and are such as might be expected
from the age and acquirements thereby indicated.
It is a curious sign of the poetic times, to see a
volume, in bulk, equalling the united works of Gray,
Goldsmith, Campbell, and perhaps half-a-dozen more,
offered on the altar of the modern muse as the *first*
fruits only of a youthful intellect. The poem of
most pretension, entitled 'A Dream of Life,' is a mere
distortion of Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' sadly disguised,
it is true, but, in all but poetry, the same.

'*Sir Redmond*,' by Mrs. G. Thomas, is a metrical
romance, full of old-fashioned iniquity and remorse,
and, moreover, very tastelessly bound; in fact, the
inside is the only defective part about it.

'*The Little Old Man of the Wood*,' by T. H. Sealy,
is a *jeu d'esprit* on the subject of some unromantic
improvements supposed to be in contemplation near
the ancient city of Bristol. The subjoined extract
will suffice to give the reader an idea of its ex-
ecution.

"Oh, and then," said the little old man,
"I remember, in wild green coves
Of the morriest Sherwood's groves,
Robin Hood and all his clan,
A cave in the rock he made his cell,
And not a fairy in bosque or dell
But loved the merry bold outlaw well.
He loved the dells and he loved the groves,
And he loved the cells and he loved the coves,*
And he loved the sword and he loved the trees,
And he loved to wander about at ease.

* Green coves of rock he seems to mean,
And not the coves in Lincoln-green.

He loved the noon in the broad green shade,
And he loved the moon in the open glade,
And he loved the bower and mossy seat
Where the fays would make retreat;
Where grassy rings he loved to trace,
For he loved the whole of the fairy race.
But his spirit would fume and fret
Where the houses of men were set:
It made his heart all weary, sick,
To see their walls of stone and brick,
The thick black smoke of their abodes,
Their paved streets and dusty roads.
Robin Hood hath long departed;
But if he could wake and see
How much bricks and mortars he
Where he used to wander free
'Mongst his oaken shadows, he
Would o' my wot be broken-hearted."

'*Lyra Eboracensis*,' or native lays, is an unpretend-
ing volume, calculated rather for the home atmosphere
of the good city of York, whence it had its being,
than the world of literature at large.

'*The Bishop's Burial*' is a metrical legend founded
on a story related in Geoffrey of Monmouth, to whom
we shall take the liberty of referring our readers, as
having given a more intelligible account than the
present writer.

'*Adrian: a Tale of Italy; also The Star of Destiny*,
and other Poems.'—The circumstances under which
these poems are stated in the preface to have been
composed, viz. "by the bedside of a sick parent,
whose broken slumbers and fearful condition were a
source of constant pain and anxiety," are sufficient
to silence critics. Let us hope, that when the au-
thor next essays the lyre, it may be under happier
auspices.

'*Association*,' by the Rev. G. Garioch.—Who the
Muse of Metaphysics may be, we have never heard;
may, we doubt her existence, and would strongly
advise her present worshipper to seek some more
frequented shrine, whither we may be allowed to
follow in his company. Should such hereafter be
the case, we shall welcome him back to the realm of
poetry with pleasure; but he now appears like an
unoffending Adam, to have eaten of its Tree of
Knowledge, only to ensure his banishment from the
spot itself.

'*The Last Man, a Poem in Three Cantos*, by Ed-
ward Wallace.—"For me," exclaims the author in
his preface, "the earth's bright garland has bloomed
in vain—for me the noble joys of friendship have not
waked—for me woman's bright eye hath not kindled
—for me nature, friendship, love, have spread their
charms in vain." Under these afflicting circumstances
we doubt whether he could have selected a much
more appropriate subject for his muse, than that
fated individual, who like himself will be not only
restricted in his sympathies, but also somewhat
dissatisfied with his situation; and as he will have
no opportunity of publishing his reminiscences, it
must be owned that Mr. Wallace has acted con-
siderately in thus anticipating them. We extract
the two following stanzas, which, with the exception
of the anticlimax contained in the last word—"how,"
are above mediocrity:—

To mark the deadening of the long-loved face,
To watch the heavy eyelids closed for ever
Upon the eyes once bright with love—to trace
The gradual stillness of the heart, that never
Had beat except for you—and like a river
Had poured its blessings in an endless stream,
To feel the past—and know that Death must sever
Your soul from its communion—and the dream
That was your sun, destroy, and quench its softest beam.
Behind you the Destroyer's step to hear,
And the dread rustle of his bony hand,
While for another not yourself you fear,
To see his finger shake the ebbing sand,
The lingering barrier to his last command,
The dearest ties that life has left you now;
Appalled and helpless by her side to stand,
And feel his chill upon her worshipped brow,
Drives other woes away, and withering leaves you—how?

'*Metrical Paraphrases on selected portions of the
book of Psalms*,' by the Rev. Robert Allan Scott,
M.A.—A neat little volume, but scarcely calculated
to supply what has too long been the "opprobrium
poetarum," a real version of the Psalms.

'*Waking Dreams*,' by C. M. J.—A mixture of
prose and verse, of about the average quality—that
is, neither good nor bad enough to offer anything ex-
tractable.

'*The Queen Bee; or a Fête to the Blossoms*,' by
M. A. Ward.—A child's book on the good old model
of the "Butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast,"
which we dare say before Christmas twelvemonth

will have become popular in half the nurseries of
the kingdom.

'*The Wellington Memorial, and the Column of Napo-
leon*,' furnishes us with the following shrewd reflection
on the Battle of Waterloo, with which we must con-
clude:—

Pause on the gory plain of Waterloo!
Where all was done that soul and flesh could do;
Where the great rivals struggled as if taught
'Twas their last field, so nobly was it fought;
And, had not Prussia to the rescue run
God only knows by which it had been won.

Milner's History of the Church of Christ. Con-
tinued by the Rev. Dr. Stebbing. Vol. II.
8vo. Cadell.

The History of the Church of Ireland. By the
Right Rev. the Bishop of Down and Connor.
Parker.

WE class these works together, because they
treat on portions of ecclesiastical history so rife
with controversy, that every event they record
has been at one time or other the subject of
angry dispute. It is scarcely possible for a
clergyman to write on such a subject without
being in some degree warped by his precon-
ceived opinions; in doubtful cases he is natu-
rally led to prefer the authorities most favourable
to his own church. Making these allowances
for the difficulties of his position, we are glad to
say that Dr. Stebbing writes in a tolerant and
gentle spirit: he is more anxious to speak good
than ill of an adversary; indeed, his greatest
fault is a habit of apologizing for everybody; he
finds excuses for Luther's violence in the sacra-
mental controversy, for Calvin's condemnation
of Servetus, and for the institution of the Jesuits
by Paul III. In discussing controverted doc-
trines, particularly those which were agitated at
the Council of Trent, Dr. Stebbing fairly sets
forth the arguments on both sides, and states
his own opinions with equal firmness and mo-
desty. The charm of the book, however, is in
the biographical sketches with which he has
relieved the dryness of historical details. The
religious Quixotism of Loyola, the missionary
zeal of Francis Xavier, and the strange vicissi-
tudes in the life of Carranza, are narrated with
great life and spirit; and the interesting career
of Olympia Morata is portrayed with a force that
speaks to and from the heart. If it was desirable
that Milner's History should be continued, which
may reasonably be doubted, we know of no per-
son on whom the task could have more worthily
devolved than Dr. Stebbing.

Bishop Mant's work is an Apology rather than
a History; his authorities are partial and one-
sided; and he leaves the anomalous condition
of the Irish Church more inexplicable than he
found it. He gives strong reasons for believing
that the papal system was not popular in Ireland
when first the Reformation was introduced; he
denies that there was any want of zeal or exor-
tion on the part of the Anglican prelates and
clergy, but he leaves us to conjecture a cause
why the reformed faith, supported by the whole
influence of the government, was outstripped by
a system inherently weak, and unsupported by
extrinsic aid. In general, the Bishop's work is
marked by moderation and good temper; but
he sometimes slips into the use of offensive
phrases, which can only wound the feelings of
the opposite party, without advancing the cause
of his own.

Up the Rhine. By Thomas Hood.

[Second Notice.]

WE left the family party in Mr. Hood's care,
admiring the lions at Cologne; one of which
gives Mr. Somerville occasion to sketch and to
generalize:—

"Amongst the rest is the Masquerade Room, de-
voted to the Carnival balls. It is a fine room as to
size, and supported in the middle by columns, in-

tended to represent huge champagne glasses, whence the painted characters and groups which cover the walls and ceiling are supposed to effervesce. The idea, however, is better than the execution—the intent surpasses the deed. The designs display a good deal of dull pantomime and trite allegory, such as a heart put up to auction, and the like. But the Germans, even of Cologne, on the strength of a Roman origin, ought not to attempt a Carnival. The Italian genius and the Teutonic are widely asunder—as different as macaroni and sausage. Polichinello is quite another being to Hans Wurst—he is as puff paste to solid pudding. The national spirit is not sufficiently volatile, airy, or mercurial. The wit of the Germans is not feather-heeled; their humour is somewhat sedate. The serious fantastic, the grave grotesque, is their forte, rather than the comic. In short, their animal spirits, like their animal frames, are somewhat solid; and I could not help fancying that the frolics of their Saturnalia must resemble the ponderous fun described by Milton:—

The unwieldy Elephant,
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis.



A humble member of the party had, it will be remembered, already shown a strong tendency to interchange civilities with the Scarlet Lady. The next contribution to the letter-bag describes her further steps towards conversion:—

"And now, Becky, it must never go further, but be kept a religious secret betwixt our two selves, but ever since Colon Cathedral I have been dreadful unsettled in my mind with spirituous pints. It seemed as if I had a call to turn into a Roman. Besides the voice in my hone inward parts, I've been prodigiously urged and advised by the Party you don't know to become a protelyte, and decant all my errors, and throw myself into the buzzum of Rome. Cander compels to say, it's a very cumfittable religion, and then such splendid Churchy and alters and grand cerimonis, and such a bewtiful musicle service, and so many mirakles and wonderful relicts besides, plain Church of England going, partickly in the country parts, do look pore and mean and pokey after it, thats the truth. To be sure theres transmigration, but even that I mite get over in time, for we can believe any thing if we really wish to. Its a grate temptation, and provided I felt quite certin of bettering meself, I would convert meself at once. * * But praps 'twould be most advizable to put off my beleaving in any thing at all, till our return to Kont. Besides, Becky, you may feel inclind, on propper talking to, to give up yure own convixions too, and in that case we can both embrace the Pope at the same time."

At Bonn, all parties were startled at the extravagant absurdities in dress which marked the students; even Uncle Orchard found a saturnine pleasure in allotting to every one he met an original and a model. "Egad!" he cried, as we passed a square-set figure in an antique dress, and fiercely moustached, "Egad! there's Pam."—"Such figgers," says Martha, "Sum have square beards, sum have triangle ones, sum have two mustaches, and sum contrive to have three, by sticking another on their chins. Thinks I, wen the hollydis cum, it must be a wise Father as nose his hone son!" Here is a sketch not

only of the Cavaliers but the Roundheads of that peaceful city:—



We must be content to pass the Kreutzberg, with its unburied monks, and the Holy Steps, ascended by pious pilgrims on their knees, but on which Mrs. Wilmot's stiff protestantism trespassed, till Martha expected "her feet would fly in her face" but on such matters, or even 'The Fatal Word,' a goblin legend, we can but bestow a passing notice. As the travellers became more familiarized with foreign scenery and manners, and the wonders of "the exulting and abounding river" opened before them, Uncle Orchard began somewhat to abate in his hypochondriacism: perhaps the humourist was taught the absurdity of any humour in excess, by another rencontre with Mr. John Bowker, who came on board again at Bonn, his John Bull-ship having been "prodigiously disgusted by the high Catholic mummeries at Cologne,"—but still more, by the perpetual neighbourhood of his Yankee tormentor, who "stuck to him like a mustard plaster, drawing his feelings into blisters." It was an unspeakable relief to have parted company with such a fellow traveller:—

"But alas! for the pleasant anticipations of Mr. John Bowker! He had barely uttered them, when the turneric-coloured American appeared running at full speed towards the steam-boat, followed by a leash of porters! 'Say I told you so!' exclaimed the petrified citizen—he'll haunt me up to Shaffhausen,—he will by all that's detestable—yes, there he comes on board—and even as he spoke, the abhorred personage sprang into the vessel, followed by his three attendants. The Red-face could not smother a grunt of dissatisfaction at the sight,—but what was his horror, when, after a few words with the conductor, his old enemy walked straight up to him, and puffed a whiff of tobacco smoke into his very face! 'It's an unpleasant sort of a fix,' said he, 'and in course only a mistake, but you've walked off with all my traps and notions instead of your own.' 'I've what?' gobbled the Redface, his crimson instantly becoming shot with blue. 'You've got my luggage, I guess,' replied the Yellow-face, 'and if it's all the same to you I'll just take it ashore.' The perplexed Bowker was too much agitated to speak; but hurrying off the huge pile of bags and boxes, in front of the funnel, began eagerly hunting for his baggage. To his unutterable dismay he could not recognize a single article as his own. In the meantime the American appeared to enjoy the confusion, and in a dry way began to 'poke his fun' at the unfortunate traveller. 'Mister Broker, is that 'ere your leather trunk?' 'No,' growled the other. 'In that case it's mine, I reckon.' 'Mr. Broker, is that 'ere your carpet-bag?'—and in the same provoking style he went through nine or ten packages *seriatim*. 'And where—where—is my luggage then?' asked the bewildered Bowker. 'The last time I see it,' said the Yellow-face, 'it was in the passage of the Mainzer Hof; and there it is still, I calculate, provided it hasn't been shipped downwards to Rotterdam!'"

The Rhine and its crowding beauties—the romantic Rolandseck, the religious Nonenwerth, the picturesque Drachenfels, all receive their passing tribute of praise and admiration; though Mr. Hood touches but lightly on these familiar objects, and refuses to

Do all the gentlemen's seats by the way.

While speculating, however, on the Rhine Castles and feudal times, Uncle Orchard remembers the tortures inflicted by the iron hand—the Judas-kiss of the 'Virgin effigy whose embrace was certain death'—the sunless and slimy horrors of the underground oubliette, and observes—

"I'll tell you what, Frank, I only wish our physical-force men would hire a steamer and take a trip up the river Rhine; if it was only that they might see and reflect on these tumble down-castles. To my mind every one of them is like a grave-stone, set up at the death and burial of Brute Force."

Shortly after this we have a new version of "The Fight with the Dragon": but we must push on to Coblenz, that we may introduce the Markhams to the reader. These are a pair of English emigrants, who "groan" most amusingly concerning the miseries of German life. After the husband's general Jeremiade, the wife enters, and "takes up the wondrous tale:" some hints may be collected therefrom well deserving consideration:—

"Comfort, 'the Germans don't even know it by name; there's no such word in the language! Look at the construction of their houses! A front door and a back door, with a well staircase in the middle, up which a thorough draught is secured by a roof pierced with a score or two of unglazed windows; the attics by this airy contrivance serving to dry the family linen. Make your sitting room, therefore, as warm as you please with that close fuming, unwholesome abomination, a German stove, and the moment you step out of the chamber door, it is like transplanting yourself, in winter, from the hot-house into the open garden. To aggravate these discomforts, you have sashes that won't fit, doors that won't shut, hasps that can't catch, and keys not meant to turn! Then, again, the same openings that let in the cold, admit the noise; and for a musical people, they are the most noisy I ever met with. Next to chorus singing, their greatest delight seems to be in the everlasting sawing and chopping up of fire-wood at their doors; they even contrive to combine music and noise together, and the carters drive along the streets smacking a tune with their whips!" The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Markham, a handsome, but careful-looking personage, to whom I was cordially introduced. Indeed she confessed to trouble, especially a severe illness of her husband soon after their arrival at Coblenz,—not to mention all the minor annoyances and inconveniences of living in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language. 'But those little trials,' she said, 'are now things to laugh over, although they were sufficiently harassing at the time.' 'My chicken, for instance,' cried Markham, with a chuckle at the remembrance. 'You must know, that Harriet took it into her kind head that, as I was an invalid, I could eat nothing but a boiled fowl. The only difficulty was how to get at it, for our maid does not understand English, and her mistress cannot speak anything else. However, Gretel was summoned, and the experiment began. It is one of my wife's fancies that the less her words resemble her native tongue, the more they must be like German; so her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a checking, or a keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head, 'It's to cook,' said her mistress, 'to cook—to put in an iron thing—in a pit—pat—pot.' 'Iah verstand right,' said the maid in her Coblentz patois. 'It's a thing to eat,' said her mistress, 'for dinner—for deemer—with sauce—sonse—sowse.' But the maid still shrugged her shoulders. 'What on earth am I to do!' exclaimed poor Harriet, quite in despair, but still making one last attempt. 'It's a live creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool—a foal—it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders—fedders!' 'Hah, hah!'"

eried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, 'Ja! ja! fedders—ja wohl!' and away went Gretel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly with a *bundle of stationers' quills*. 'But now you know something of the language,' said I, 'you fare sumptuously, of course, for it's a luxurious country.' 'To the eye,' replied Markham, 'it is lovely indeed; and, at a first-rate hotel, where you enjoy the choicest of its productions, it may keep its promise. But for a private table, just listen to our bill of fare. Indifferent beef—veal killed at eight days old—good mutton, but at some seasons not to be had—poultry plentiful, but ill-fed—game in moderation. No sea-fish—yes, oysters, as big, shell and all, as a pennypiece, and six shillings a hundred. You hear of salmon-fisheries, but the steamers have frightened away the fish. I have seen about six here in two years, and have been asked two dollars a pound: perch 3d. and 4d. per pound; and worthless chub and barbel *ad libitum*. No good household bread—it is half rye—and wheat flour is only to be bought at the pastry-cook's; good vegetables, but the staple one, potatoes, small and waxy, such as we should call *chats* in England, and give to the pigs. Fruit abundant, but more remarkable for quantity than quality. Coffee reasonable and good—tea as dear and bad. Then for wine, the lower sorts of Rhenish and the Moselle are cheap and excellent; but the superior kinds are easier to procure in London than on the Rhine. Foreign wines you may have at pleasure—for your honest Rhinelanders have little to learn in the arts of adulteration and simulation. Thus you have Bavarian beer brewed at Coblenz; Westphalian hams cured in Nassau; Florence oil extracted from Rhenish walnuts; French Cognac, Bordeaux, and Champagne, made from German potatoes and grapes; English gin distilled at Dusseldorf; and Gorgona anchovies, caught in the Rhine.' 'Now he is too bad—isn't he?' interposed Mrs. Markham, with a smile. 'But it is half joke and whim. Would you believe it, Sir, he has set me against all the beer in the place, on account of an establishment facing the Moselle, inscribed, oddly enough, 'Baths and Beer Brewery.' He will have it, that as hot malt is recommended in some cases by the German doctors, the two businesses are only brought under one roof for the natives to bathe in the beer!' 'And why not?' said Markham. 'Does not Head say that at Schwalbach they bathe in the mullagatwny soup, and at Wiesbaden in the chicken-broth?' But to return to our subject, the advantages of living in Coblenz. It may be otherwise, elsewhere in Germany; but as a general principle, take my word for it, the grand difference is not in the cost, but in the manner of living. As for re-trenchment, on the same plan it might be effected in London. Lodge in a second floor—dispense with a carpet—have as little and as plain furniture as possible—burn wood in a German stove—keep a cheap country servant—buy inferior meat, chats and rye-bread—drink cape and table-beer—see no company—dress how you please—above all go to market, as you must do here, with your ready money in your hand—then sum up, at the year's end, and I verily believe the utmost saving, by coming to such a place as this, would be some 10l. or 20l. to set off against all the deprivations and disadvantages of expatriation."

Markham's groan concerning the suicidal propensities of our German friends, is worth quoting for its sense and feeling, though they be somewhat caustically exhibited; but the subject is a painful one. We are better suiting the spirit of this mirthful season in preferring for extract, some lights thrown upon another national epidemic, of which Strauss is Corypheus—need we add, the waltz?—through the Malaprop medium of dear Martha Penny:—

"Last night the Germans being very parschal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hundred of us in won Assembly room, but am sorry to say smooking was aloud, witch quite spilled the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several steddly lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up too I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy

nilly, away we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tiptop of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the floor jest like frog in the middle, wile the rest waltzed round and round me steddly elderly boddies and all—but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my sufferings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more paneful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkins wild Ingians!"

Other traits of German life, increasing in number and curiosity as we advance, are dwelt upon, gravely or gaily, according to the chronicler; among others the inquisitions of the toll-collectors on entering the town, during one of which Martha Penny took, indiscreetly, the part of a woman, whose baby was searched—said babe proving to be a leg of mutton in long petticoats!



"Remarking on this subject to an English gentleman on board, he told me the following anecdote in point:—'During a temporary residence,' said he, 'at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen, and though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired, whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health? 'For neither,' replied the honest German; 'my errand is to you, and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is.'—And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrears!"

Amongst the peculiarities, says Mr. Hood—and very truly—nothing strikes a stranger more in his course up the Rhine, than the German fondness for bowing.

"Whenever the steamer pauses, or stops at, a little town, you see a great part of the population collected on the shore, ready to perform this courtesy. One or two, like fuglemen, go through the manœuvre by anticipation, as if saluting the figure-head; then the vessel ranges alongside, and off goes the covering of every head—hats and caps, of all shapes and colours, are flourishing in the air. Wet, or dry, or scorching sun, every male, from six years old to sixty, is uncovered. Some seize their caps by the top, others by the spout in front; this gives his hat a wave to and fro, that saws with it up and down; the very baker plucks off his white night-cap, and holds it shaking at arm's length. Meanwhile, their countrymen on board vigorously return the salute; the town is passed, and the ceremony is over. But, no!—a man comes running at full speed down a gateway, or round the corner of a street, looks eagerly for the boat, now 100 yards distant, gives a wave with his hat or cap, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, returns deliberately up the street, or gateway, as if he had acquitted himself of an indispensable moral duty."

Another trait is not to be dismissed quite so summarily. Frank Somerville called upon Markham, and found him in company with a visitor—who was cut, almost insultingly, by a later comer, otherwise reputed a good and civil neighbour:—

"When they were gone, Markham explained the phenomenon. 'The little man,' said he, 'is of the Hebrew persuasion; and the big one belongs to a rather numerous class, described by Saphir—whose satirical works, by the bye, I think you would relish,—in short, he is a Jew-hater—one of those who wish that the twelve tribes had but a single neck. You saw how he reddened and winced!'—'But surely,' said I, 'such a prejudice is rare, except amongst the most bigoted Catholics and the lower orders?'—'Lower orders and Catholics!—quite the reverse. I presume you heard of a certain freak of Royal authority, forbidding the Hebrews the use of Christian names, and enjoining other degrading distinctions. Such an example in such a country was enough to bring Jew-hating into fashion, if it had not been the rage before. But you must live in Germany to understand the prevalence and intensity of the feeling. You will not rank the editor of a public journal, or his contributors, in the lower and ignorant class: nevertheless my little Isaac the other day lent me a local paper, and the two very first paragraphs that met my eye were two sarcastic anecdotes against his race.'—'And what does Mr. Meyer say?' I inquired, 'of such attacks on his brethren?'—'Little or nothing. When I alluded to the paragraphs,

and expressed my indignation, he merely smiled meekly, and said a few words to the effect that 'suffering was the badge of all his tribe.' In fact, they are used to it, as was said of the eels. By the bye, Von Raumer speaks of a Prussian liberal, who abused Prussia, as no better than a beast;—but he surely forgot this oppressed portion of his countrymen. As to love of country in general he is right;—but has the degraded inhabitant of the Juden Gasse a country? To look for patriotism from such a being, you might as well expect local gratitude and attachment from a pauper without a parish! No, no—that word so dear, so holy, to a German, his Fatherland, is to the Jew a bitter mockery. * * He may truly say of it as the poor Irishman did of his own hard-hearted relative.—'Yes, sure enough he's the parent of me—but he trates me as if I was his Son by another Father and Mother!' * * Amused by Markham's *extempore* championship of the twelve tribes, by way of jest I insinuated that, during his admitted scarcity of cash, he had perhaps been supplied with moneys by means of his clients. But he took the jest quite in earnest. 'Not a shilling, my dear fellow,—not a gros. But I am indebted to them for some kindness and civility: for they certainly hate us far less than some sects of Christians hate each other. * * There's little Meyer, a Jew every inch of him, and with the peculiar love of petty traffic ascribed to his race. He will sell or barter with you the books in his library, the spoons in his cupboard, the watch in his fob, and yet in all my little dealings he has served me as fairly as if he had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a common journey-work nose, with a lump, like a make-weight, stuck on the end. The extortions and cheating I have met with were from Christians; and, what is singular, the only time I ever had my money refused in this country, it was by Jews. There are many poor Hebrew families in Bendorf, and other villages on the banks of the Rhine, and it is a pleasant sight to behold, through the windows of their cottages, the seven candles of their religion shining,—like the fire-flies of a German night—the only lights in their darkness, to an outcast people in an alien land. * * However, all other brutal sports and pastimes are falling into decadence with the progress of civilisation: Bear-baiting is extinct; Badger-drawing is on the wane; Cock-throwing is gone out; Cock-fighting is going after it; and bull-running is put down: so put on your hat, my dear fellow, and let us hope, for the sake of Christianity and human nature, that Jew-hating and Jew-running will not be the last of the line!'"

Well said, Markham! this noble defence will suffice to prove that Frank Somerville's friend was not quite so submissive to a vaunted modern authority.—Mrs. Trollope—as the Mr. Samuel Brown, whom we find fifty pages further on at Schwabach, (see a most merry legend) and who, being in the predicament of Him of Ballinacraze, and unable to settle himself at home, was rash enough to come to Germany, lured on to conquest by the positive assertions of the English authoress, that the young and fair *frauleins* were sure to lend a tender ear to any man who *did not smoke!* From Tobacco, we must ramble back to Toleration, and those who recognize the liberal, and, we may add, christian spirit, in this speech of Markham's, will find, a few pages beyond, a tale—'The Last of the Romans'—tending towards the same upward point; which, also, we should do well to quote, were we bent on rifling, rather than recommending, Mr. Hood's pages.

In preference, however, we shall begin a new paragraph with lighter wares,—first, Martha Penny's experience of "things wanted," the last clause of which is worth a thousand Trollopisms against tobacco:—

"Talkin of dinners, (says she—her servant's heart opening at the thoughts of pantry and kitchen furniture)—pleas God if I ever settle in Germany, there's three things I'll have out from England, a warmin pan, a plate-warmer, and a knife-board; for the knives here are never sharp, and as we say of dill-water, are so innocent, you may give them to a new-born baby without the least danger. But lawk, if

you was to send them out things, they don't know the rite use of them, and most likely they would fry pancakes in the warmin pan, and make a pantry of the plate-warmer, just as they fetch water for drinkin in a tin pail, as is painted red on the inside, and green on the out. Nothing's used in its proper way. When we cum to the lodgings, I found in the drawing-room, a square painted tin basket, exactly like an English bread-basket, and ever since I've put the rolls in it, but wen Catshins come, she said it's to hold sand, and to be spit into—wat a forrin idear!"

Uncle Orchard, while on his travels, had been visited with one emphatic "warning" against hypochondriacism: a rumour of his death having been believed and acted on in England; another, equally emphatic, and more serious, was illness itself, which "fell out" at Coblenz, and gave Frank Somerville an opportunity of studying some of the new-fangled systems of German medical practice.

"One of these empirical professors, it was our fortune to call in to my Uncle, in the person of Doctor Ganswein, who, after a very cursory inquiry into his patient's malady, pronounced at once that it was a case for the Wasser-Kur. How this cure was to be effected you will best understand from a conversation which took place between the Physician and my Aunt. I must premise that my Aunt began the colloquy in French, as it was taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford on Le Bowe; but after having puzzled the Doctor with sundry phrases, such as 'son habit est si plein,' meaning, 'he is of such a full habit,' she betook herself to her mother-tongue. Aunt. And as to his eating, Doctor? Doctor. Nichts; noting at all. Aunt. And what ought he to drink? Doctor. Kalt Wasser. Aunt. Would it be well to bathe his feet? Doctor. Ja—mit Kalt Wasser. Aunt. And if he feels a little low? Doctor. Low?—vnt is dat? Aunt. Out of spirits:—a little faint like. Doctor. Faint—ah!—So you shall sprinkle at him wix some Kalt Wasser. Aunt. And nothing else? Doctor. Ja—I shall write something (he writes). Dere! you shall send dis papier to de Apotheke in de Leer Strasse, almost to de Rondel. Your brother shall drink some flasks of Kissingen. Aunt. Kissingen—what's that? Is it any sort of wine? Doctor. Wein! nein! It is some sort of Kalt Wasser. Aunt. Oh, from the Baths! Doctor. Ja! ja!—It shall be goot to bath too.—In Kalt Wasser. (to my uncle) Sare, have you read my leetle boke? Uncle (in pain). What's it about—Doctor? Doctor. De Heilsamkeit of de Kalttes Wassers. I have prove de Kalt Wasser is good for every sickness in de world. Uncle. Humph! What for—water in the head? Doctor. Ja—and for wasser in de shest. And for wasser in de—what you call him? de abdomen. It is good for every ting. De Kalt Wasser shall sweep away all de Kranken, all de sick peoples from de face of de earth! Uncle (to himself). Yes—so did—the Great Flood. Doctor Ganswein had no sooner taken his leave, than my Uncle called me to the bed-side. 'Frank,—I've heard before of wet-nurses—but never of—a wet Doctor.'"

A second son of Galen recommended mud-baths,—which are of a greater or less efficacy according to the power of the patient to purchase the mud A 1, (as they say at Lloyd's), or of inferior quality. In answer to the Doctor's inquiries, Mrs. Wilmot—little understanding to what point they tended—informed him that Mr. Orchard was rich.

"Now hark to me!—and he approached his mouth to her ear,—whilst he is so bad in his bed, you shall rob him.' 'WHAT!' exclaimed my Aunt, in such a voice that the ringing monosyllable seemed to echo from every side and corner of the apartment. 'You shall—rob him!'—repeated the Doctor, still more distinctly and deliberately,—'you shall rob his chest.' My Aunt looked petrified. 'Do not you not understand me?' asked the dreadful Doctor, after a pause. 'I am afraid I do,' said my Aunt, giving a sort of gulp, as if to swallow some violent speech, and then hurried into the adjoining room and locked herself in."

When the Doctor had retired, and not till then, Mrs. Wilmot reappeared, and—

"After an anxious look round the chamber, to make sure of the absence of the detestable Doctor, she cast herself down on the sofa with a fervent 'Thank God!—Frank!—What a monster!—Wolf by name and wolf by nature; did you hear what the wretch proposed to me?'—and she launched off into a tale so ludicrously distorted and coloured by her own extravagant suspicions, that I could hardly preserve my gravity. * * She was stopped by the entrance of Martha with a bottle of medicine, which her mistress had no sooner inspected than the expression of her countenance changed from indignation and disgust to vexation and mortification. 'It's really very provoking!' she exclaimed.—'So very absurd!—How uncommonly annoying! But it's all his own fault for not speaking better English,'—and handing to me the explanatory phial, I read as follows:

Esquier Orchard,
For to rob him with on the chest."

The real touch of "the common lot," to which Uncle Orchard was subjected, did much towards chasing away his ideal terrors. The party, however, were detained at Coblenz by his illness; and to while away the time, Frank made a sketch or two of "the groups and varieties" which reigned triumphant there.



Like a true Englishman, Frank now began to seek out for a newspaper:—

"'Newspapers!' said Markham, 'you will find none here but the 'Rhein-und-Mosel Zeitung,' and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand. First, the king has graciously been pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, and a dozen other officials the 'Adler' order of the fourth class. Messrs. Kessel and Co. have erected a steam engine of two horse power; and the firm of Runkel and Ruben have established a manufactory of beet-root sugar. Then for foreign news, there are half a dozen paragraphs on as many different countries—our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. As to local intelligence, the Over Burgomaster has ordered the substitution of a new post for an old one, in the Clemens Platz, and a fresh handle to the pump near the Haupt Wache. A sentimental poem, a romantic tale, and the advertisements, fill up the dingy sheet.' In fact, on entering the saloon of the hotel such a meagre-looking fog-coloured journal, as he had described, was lying on the dining-table. Markham took it up, and glanced over it. * * There is no sentimental poem in this number (he observed); but there is a romantic story, and it well illustrates the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother advertises her in the papers and offers as a reward—how much do you think?—Only 50,000*l.* per annum, a mine in 'Cornwall,' and 200,000*l.* in East India shares!' 'Are you serious?' I asked. 'Perfectly: it is here every

word of it. Finally, there are the advertisements, some of which even are characteristic—for instance, Mr. Simon, the notary, offers fifty dollars for the discovery of the parties who last night broke into his garden and stole and mutilated his statue of Napoleon: and a lady promises a reward to the finder of a bracelet, containing the locks and initials of M. J. P.—P. von F.—R. I. D.—L. A.—C. de G.—P. P.—A. von N. and J. St. M."

At Coblenz Frank picked up some military acquaintances, and was led, by their good-humoured invitation, to bear them company to one of the Autumn Reviews at Potsdam. The journals of this march offer many varieties of scenery and manners; but we can only make room for a literal translation (so Frank assures us) of a ditty, which is one of a collection of German war-songs:—

Love Language of a Merry Young Soldier. "Ach, Gretchen, Mein Taubchen."

O Gretel, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my little little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;
My looks they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yes my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yes, they would like Bombs and Granades;
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

A song always comes in pleasantly, by way of close. It is not common in these days for the critics to be perplexed by the richness and variety of the contents of the work under consideration, but such has been our case. We have been compelled to rein in countless recollections, illustrations, and remarks, called up by Mr. Hood's delightful pages; and yet only a part of the matter set forth in them has been touched on.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Max Wentworth.—If we but possessed the easy conscience of that drawing-room rhymester, who made one and the same love-poem do duty as something expressly addressed to each among a score of credulous girls anxious to be admired and celebrated, a three-volume novel would be a relief to us; for—more especially if, like the present, it chanced to be a tale of genteel life and conversation—we might be sure that the same set of phrases which characterized its predecessors of Thirty-eight, might also, without the least force or falsehood, characterize the novel of Thirty-nine. But, being scrupulous in these matters, we must, in the case before us, after having acknowledged the tale to be of average merit—"gracefully written," comprising a fair share of "delicately-marked female characters"—declare also, that the interest of the story hangs upon the fortunes of Melicent and Isabel Wentworth, the nieces of a venerable and philanthropic baronet, whose male heir, Max, at the time of their arriving to take up their abode with the old gentleman, is in disgrace, and an absentee. How the latter is reinstated, and how Melicent contrives to win for herself the heart of a Colonel Lindsay, which heart, nevertheless, is engaged to one of those paradoxical compounds that stand, with some contrivers of novels, in place of original creations,—and how Isabel contrives to be entangled so fast in the love of a most jealous Mr. Walsingham, that cousin Max all but loses her, with the subordinate matrimonial misunderstandings of the Treshams and the Comptons, will be found, agreeably detailed, by all such as have appetite enough to enable them to attack yet one novel more of this class.

Lectures on the Jews.—In consequence of several overtures the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed a Committee to devise practical

means for the conversion of the Jews; great interest was excited on the subject, and, in order to keep it alive, the Lectures before us were delivered under the superintendence of the Western sub-committee in Glasgow. The Lectures are neither better nor worse than the average of the many discourses that have been already published on the subject; they dwell at great length on the importance of the end to be attained, but they in general abstain from all discussion of the means. Some of the Lecturers are more intent on maintaining a favourite exposition of a dubious prophecy than explaining to their hearers the plan which they would recommend for adoption, and too many of them turn away from the Jews altogether, for the purpose of entering into controversy with rival Christian Churches.

The Life of Christ, illustrated by choice passages from Eminent Divines; and embellished with seventy wood engravings after Celebrated Masters.—A commentary on the Gospels, illustrated by choice works of art, was reasonably sure of success. It may, however, be objected to the work before us, that when "celebrated masters" are promised—and Raffaele, Guido, Titian, Correggio, and Guercino, have been largely drawn upon, we can hardly admit Mr. Serjeant and Mr. Melville into the company, clever though they be after their kind. Yet their designs are in large proportion here—how far distant from the august simplicity required, will be seen, not only by measuring them against the masterpieces of the great Italians, but by comparing them with the illustrations furnished by a modern foreign contemporary, Overbeck—who, though he lag painfully behind the ancients, in that intensity of spiritual expression, within the reach of faith but beyond the reach of study, is nevertheless imbued with a strong religious feeling, as well as a most artistic facility and correctness of outline. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the volume is an attractive one, and will find its way where gayer and more ephemeral combinations of art and literature are not admitted.

A Memoir of the Life, Travels, and Gospel Labours of George Fox, an eminent Minister among the Society of Friends.—This biography cannot have been intended for the general public: inasmuch as, though carefully executed and neatly written, a spirit of scruple and reserve has presided over its compilation, and retrenched many of the details given in George Fox's own journals, which, from their characteristic singularity were the most attractive to those who like to study the universal man, whether he be crowned by a broad-brimmed hat, or an episcopal mitre. For this reason, a simple announcement of its publication will be sufficient.

Tales of Many Lands, by the author of "Tales of the Great and Brave."—As the six tales which make up this book are pleasantly contrasted, well told, inculcate sound morality, and tend to strengthen good-feeling, we will not quarrel with the conceits of the frame-work in which they are set, but recommend them to all whom it may concern as amusing Christmas reading.

Literary World. Vol. I.—This work appears to have been projected and is conducted by the gentleman who was for many years the editor of *The Mirror*. Without reference to the comparative merits of these works, we bear a willing testimony to the spirit with which the one before us is conducted.

The Zoological Gardens: a Hand-book for Visitors, with more than fifty illustrations.—slipped out of sight, during the high zoological season: but we may recommend it as circumstantial enough, and sufficiently neat in its typography, and the wood-cuts which adorn it, to be looked for another year—when the splendours of the new monkey palace, of which our contemporaries have been talking, shall draw all the world to the Regent's Park.

Sketches and Souvenirs, or Records of Other Days, by E. F.—A well-intentioned little book: but we cannot add, a wise one. The sketches hardly amount to shadows, and the reminiscences of Hannah More and Robert Montgomery, prove that the authoress knew little worth remembering.

Manchester as it is, &c.: with numerous steel engravings and a map.—This guide through the manufactories and institutions of the thriving and smoky town to which it is devoted, is carefully executed.

What Dr Fellenberg has done for Education.—The question of national education has been too often

and too recently discussed in this journal for us to repeat our recorded opinions; and yet, without once more opening the general question, it would be impossible to examine the merits of Fellenberg and his institution at Hofwyl. The question is not now what system of national education we shall have, but whether we shall have any: and until that is decided it would be a mere waste of time to discuss specific recommendations.

Help to the Schoolmistress, by E. Taylor.—This is a good, because a practical book. It gives short and useful rules for the guidance of teachers in parochial and charity-schools, which might be beneficially studied by those who conduct schools of higher pretensions. The writer has studiously avoided controversy, though it is manifest that her heart is in her subject, and that the suppression of her feelings cost many a struggle; she seems ever ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, "I kept silence, yet even from good words, but it was pain and grief to me." It is unfortunately rare in these times to meet a book on general education so marked as the present by good sense and good temper.

New Editions.—The several articles on "Poetry, Modern Romance, and Rhetoric," by G. Moir, and W. Spalding, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, have been published in a separate volume—a third edition has also been opportunely issued of Burnes's *Visit to the Court of Sindh*—the third series of *Sayings and Doings* has been added to Mr. Colburn's Standard Novelists—*Jack Brag* and *Rory O'More* to Mr. Bentley's Standard Novels—an illustrated edition has appeared of *Melaria*, and other Poems, by Eliza Cook—and new editions of *Influence*, *Fiori Poetici*, (by Carlo Beolchi), and *Frey's Hebrew Grammar*.

List of New Books.—Flintoff on the Law of Real Property, Vol. II. 8vo. 20s.—The Spitfire, by Captain Chamier, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Burke's Peersage and Baronetage for 1846, complete in 1 vol. royal 8vo. cl. 38s.—The Female Freeman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Shelley's Letters and Essays from Abroad, 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 20s.—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, 6 vols. cl. 30s.—Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal, Vol. II. 4to. cl. 20s.—Lodge's Genealogy of the Peersage, 8vo. cl. 21s.—Lodge's Peersage, 1840, 8vo. cl. 21s.—The Pilgrim's Progress, with Scott's Notes and Stothard's Illustrations, 8vo. cl. 21s.—The Maiden Monarch, or Island Queen, 2 vols. post 8vo. 14s.—Pictorial History of England, Vol. III. super royal 8vo. cl. 25s.—Pictorial Shakespeare's Comedies, Vol. I. super royal 8vo. cl. 20s.—Continental India, by J. W. Massie, 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 18s.—Thomson on Heat and Electricity, 2nd edit. 8vo. cl. 15s.—The Rev. Sidney Smith's Works, Vol. IV. 8vo. cl. 12s.—Bayldon on Rents and Tillage, 5th edit. enlarged, by John Donaldson, 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—Comic Almanac, 1835 to 1840, 3 vols. in 2, 2c. cl. 17s. 1830 and 1840, Vol. III. 6s. cl.—Gompertz's Sermons, Faith and Practice, 12mo. cl. 7s.—Enfield's Speaker, genuine stereotype edition, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Lectures on the Hebrew Gods, by the Author of "Insect History," 12mo. cl. 6s.—The Protestant Exiles of Zellerthal, from the German, by J. B. Saunders, 2c. cl. 3s. 6d.—Flowers of My Spring Poems, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Arago's Life of Watt, 18mo. cl. 3s.—Arago's Life of Watt, 3rd edit. with illustrations, 2c. cl. 4s. 6d.—The Bible Garden, by J. Taylor, square cl. 4s. 6d.—Campe's Robinson Der Jungere, English Notes, by Underwood, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Tales of the Wars, Vol. IV. 8vo. cl. 12s.—Deville's Theoretical and Practical French Grammar, 3rd edit. 12mo. bd. 5s. 6d.—Melville's Sermons, Preached at Cambridge, November, 1839, 8vo. bds. 5s.—Hand-Book of Swindling, 2c. cl. 2s. 6d.—Hermesiana, editid Jacobus Bailey, A.M. &c. 8vo. 7s.—Morsen on Soils, 12mo. bds. new edit. enlarged, 6s. 6d.—Hemans's Life and Works, 7 vols. 2c. cl. separate, 5s. each.—Pillcock's Course of Time, 2c. cl. new edit. with portrait, 7s. 6d.—Johnson's Maps, England, Ireland, and Scotland, on sheet, 1c. 6d.—Elements of Perspective Drawing, 18mo. swd. 1s.—Hoyle's Games, 32mo. swd. 1s.—Ketty's Mamma and Mary, 18mo. cloth, 1s.—Fitch's Poetical Grammar, 18mo. cl. 1s.—Taylor's Family Schoolmistress, 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Van Butchell on Emula, 4th edit. 8vo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Hervey's Reflections on a Flower Garden, new edit. 12 col. plates, 18mo. cl. gilt, 4s.—Caunter's Bible, with 144 illustrations and 4 maps, 8vo. cl. 20s.—Hand-Book of Astronomy and Geology, 18mo. cl. gilt, 1s. each.—Hobbes's English Works, edited by Sir William Molesworth, Vols. I. III. and IV. 8vo. cl. 12s. each.—Hobbes's Tripos and other Tracts—Hobbes's Latin Works, by the same Editor, 8vo. cl. 12s. each.—Johnson's Scottish Musical Museum, 6 vols. 8vo. cl. 2s. 12s. 6d.—Davidson's Biblical Dictionary, new edit. 24mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Babylon Destroyed, new edit. 18mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Ve Must Dissect, Sermon, by Ely, 8vo. swd. 1s.—Smith's Synopsis of Pneumology, 8vo. swd. 1s.—Thoughts and Reflections on National Education, by a Country Curate, 8vo. swd. 1s.—Tatum's Sermon, Christianity, &c. 8vo. swd. 6d.—Joy and Peace in Believing, by Mrs. K. L. Hepper, 2nd edit. 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Figures of Fun, 2 parts, new edit. 12mo. swd. 1s. each.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—Handsome Christmas Present.—Price 6s. 6d. ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, AND CONFIRMATIONS OF SACRED HISTORY, from the EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D. The volume is illustrated by Ninety-three Engravings. G. Tilt, London.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY, UNDER LIEUT. GREY.

THE following narrative of an expedition, conducted by Lieutenant Grey, to the North-West Coast of Australia, is extracted partly from accounts published in the *Perth Gazette*, of April and May last, and partly from other authentic sources of information.

The party consisted of eleven persons, Lieut. Grey, Mr. Walker, a surgeon, Mr. Frederick Smith, and eight soldiers and sailors, with a native black. They left Perth the 17th of February, in an American whaler, with the intention of burying a store of provisions at Shark's Bay, and thence proceeding northward in whale-boats to a part of the coast partially explored by Lieut. Grey on a previous expedition. They arrived, on the 25th of February, at Bernier Island, at the northern extremity of Shark's Bay, which was made the depot for their provisions. Departing on the 28th, they were compelled, by a hurricane, to put into Dorre Island, at the mouth of the Bay, where two of their boats were wrecked. They succeeded in saving their provisions on this occasion, with much difficulty—Messrs. Grey, Walker, and Smith having, at the hazard of their lives, swam out to the boats, and Mr. Smith having returned to the shore, making his way through the breakers, with the line to which the provisions were attached. Having refitted their boats, after two days' detention, they landed on the Main. On the 5th of March, in lat. 24° 56', about fifty miles south of Cape Cuvier, they found a large river, running nearly north-east, which they followed in their boats about five or six miles, and by land about ten miles more. Five miles from the banks of the river to the eastward, a beautiful tract of country, of immense extent, comprising large open alluvial flats, was discovered.

From this river, to within a few miles of Cape Cuvier, nothing inviting appeared on any part of the coast. The natives here fell in with and attacked the party, and speared one man (but not severely) in the leg, the only occasion on which they evinced any disposition to hostility. Returning to Bernier Island on the 21st of March, they had the mortification to find nearly all their provisions destroyed or carried away by a hurricane, and their supplies thus reduced to half a barrel of flour, a barrel of salt provisions, and a bag of flour (scarcely suitable for food), found buried in the sea-weed. Having examined the coast within Shark's Bay, they report it barren and useless. Doubling Steep Point (the southern extremity of Shark's Bay), they found, up to Gantheaume Bay, a distance of about 130 miles, not a single point where even a whale-boat could be beached. In striving to land in Gantheaume Bay, on the 1st of April, their boats were damaged past repairing, which deprived them of the power of exploring a river of somewhat difficult entrance, which river falls into the sea about the middle of the Bay. Though very short of provisions, Lieut. Grey was induced to remain there two days, during which period he completed an extensive survey of the surrounding country, composed principally of alluvial flats, watered by innumerable springs. On the 3rd of April, they started to make the best of their way overland to Perth (between 300 and 400 miles), each man being provided with but 19 lb. of damaged and barely eatable flour. Neither the entreaties nor menaces of Lieut. Grey could prevail with three or four of the men to abstain from encumbering themselves with needless articles, such as cordage, canvas, &c., by the weight of which, their strength was exhausted, and their first days' journeys materially shortened. To the north of Moresby's flat-topped ranges, lies a country which appears of great importance and interest to the colony, intersected every two or three miles by running streams, and everywhere clothed with the richest grass. From 28° to 29° 30' the general character of the country was also good; but a secondary range of mountains, which branch from the Darling range, and extend almost to the sea-coast, terminates in Mount Perron and Mount Le Sueur. The only vegetation here was stunted Banksia and scrub. Just previously to entering this country, several of the party became unable, from weakness and sore feet, to make marches of any extent. Here, while all were much exhausted for want of water, Lieut. Grey and the native, being

stronger than the rest, quitted them, in search of a spring or water hole. After wandering for some time, the native pretended that he could not find his way back to the party, and suggested, that as Lieut. Grey and himself were then strong enough (which they might not be on the following day) to reach a lake which he named, they should make the best of their way to it, and leave the others to their fate. Lieut. Grey instantly levelled his gun at the man, and threatened to shoot him, unless he should find the party before sun-set. The man was with difficulty convinced that Mr. Grey was in earnest, but in the course of half an hour he led him back to the spot. They were still without water; but during the evening a mud hole was discovered, and about half a pint of water for each man was obtained by squeezing the mud through a handkerchief. Their flour being nearly expended, it was evident that famine and destruction must overtake all, unless speedy aid were procured. On the 10th of April, therefore, Lieut. Grey proceeded, with four of the men and the native, on his way to Perth, with the intention of sending back assistance. They accomplished their journey in eleven days, reaching Perth on Sunday, the 21st of April, exhausted by the severest privations, having had only two pounds and a half of bad flour per man, and one meal of fresh-water muscles, to support them during the whole time, three days of which they had passed without water or food of any kind. About twenty-five miles from Perth, indeed, they were supplied and most kindly nursed by a party of the natives, one of whom had previously seen Lieut. Grey in Perth. Lieut. Grey, upon leaving Mr. Walker, Mr. F. Smith, and the four seamen behind, directed Mr. Walker, to whom he committed the charge of the party, to proceed near the beach to Moor's River, and remain there till assistance should reach them.

On Tuesday morning, April 23rd, Lieut. Mortimer, of her Majesty's 21st Regiment, Mr. Spofforth, three soldiers of the regiment, and a corporal of sappers and miners, volunteered (from Perth) to go in search of the missing party. They reached Moor's River in two days; traversed its banks for two days more in vain, when they proceeded due north about twenty-five miles, and arrived at another large river, mentioned to them by Lieut. Grey. Here they found Woods, one of the missing party, asleep in his blanket on the beach. From the account of this man, it appears, that from the period of Mr. Grey's departure much disorder and discontent at the direction of their course prevailed among the men. They frequently left the beach and wandered inland to procure water and food, not sufficiently exerting themselves to advance southward. They succeeded in procuring, upon the whole, about a dozen birds, a crab, and eighteen fish. April 19th, they boiled and ate the shoots of some shrubs. The next day they only advanced four miles. Sunday, the 21st of April, Mr. Walker, who had frequently exerted himself in procuring firewood and water for the weaker of the party, divided two dough cakes still remaining in his possession, among them all. They were then upon the beach, and though still at a great distance from the place of rendezvous, the men were very unwilling to distress themselves to reach it, being persuaded they should be tracked, wherever they might be, by the natives whom Lieut. Grey should send to their help. Woods here quitted them, and went forward, alleging their very slow progress as his reason. That he was found by Mr. Spofforth is to be imputed to his having obeyed Mr. Grey's directions more strictly than his companions.

Lieut. Mortimer's party having made every exertion, but in vain, to find the remaining five persons, were compelled at the end of a fortnight, by want of provisions, to return to Perth, where they arrived on the 6th of May. Early on the next morning, the Surveyor-General, the Hon. J. S. Roe, accompanied by Mr. Spofforth, four men, and two native youths, with five horses, set out in search of those still missing. On the 9th of May, two days after Mr. Roe's departure, Mr. Walker arrived alone at Perth, and from him was received some account of the circumstances which took place after the time Woods left the party. Up to April the 29th they continued together, generally proceeding along the shore, making very slow advances, and passing much time in fishing, in which they were often successful. At the

point where Mr. Walker left them, on the 1st of May, they were well supplied with fish; but having no other provisions, and only a pint and a half of water among them, they requested Mr. Walker, as the strongest of the party, to go forward to Perth, and send them back assistance. He reached Perth much exhausted at the end of eight days, during which time he had had no other sustenance than some oil from casks he found thrown on the shore, and three dead birds which he picked up. Travelling only by night, and sleeping by day, he unfortunately missed the marks left on the shore by Lieut. Mortimer's party. When he left the remaining four, it was their intention to proceed along the beach at the rate of five or six miles a day, though it seemed very likely to him they would halt at the first good fishing place they came to. In the middle of the third day after Mr. Roe's departure from the colony, having passed through a beautiful and well-watered country, he and his party reached the Garban River, encamped, and followed the stream to its mouth (twelve miles); but finding no traces in the sand, returned to their camp, and pushed on seventeen miles further north, to Moore's River, where there were excellent water and pasture. Being desirous of proceeding further north before visiting the beach, which was fifteen miles off, the intermediate space offering no promise of water, or fodder for the horses, they buried half their provisions, and, burning the temporary shed over them, in order to lull the suspicions of the natives, they passed on seventeen miles more, to a place called Bookernyup, where they found good grass and water. Here, having heard from the natives that there was no prospect of water or fodder, for several days' journey to the north, they proposed visiting the beach before proceeding farther. On doing so the next morning, in company with Mr. Spofforth and Warrup (native), Mr. Roe had the satisfaction of finding the footsteps of five men, which Warrup pronounced to be those of white men, and recent. Other marks were then found, leading to the belief that the five men missing had proceeded to the south; and, having taken up their buried provisions upon the Moore River, they arrived, at the end of twenty-four miles, at some pools, called Kadjilup, where they halted to water. At daybreak, on the 15th, Mr. Roe, Mr. Spofforth, and Kinchela, one of the natives, rode to the beach, but found all marks obliterated by a high tide. Still believing the absentees to be to the south, they went 12 miles, farther in that direction to the Garban river; but finding all there as they had left it on the 11th, they again joined their own party at Niergably, in their way discovering the marks of five persons, who were confidently pronounced (as was afterwards proved justly) by Warrup to be certain natives from Perth, whose names he gave. They had been sent out to give information of the safe arrival of Mr. Walker at Perth. Being now satisfied as to the coast within which the absentees must still be, they returned on the 16th (north-west fifteen miles) to the spot where they commenced their search on the morning before, and from this spot proceeding northward a mile and a half along the coast, they had the satisfaction of finding the three men, Ruston, Styles, and Clathworthy, still alive, in an almost dying state, and light-headed, having been three days without water; they were lying at the foot of a rocky projection of land which they had given up all hope of ever being able to pass. The greatest firmness was necessary to prevent the unfortunate sufferers from committing fatal excesses, so eager were they for the water which Mr. Roe and his party doled out to them in small quantities mixed with brandy. To the anxious inquiries after Mr. Walker and Mr. F. Smith, they said that the former, being much the strongest of the party, had at their request, gone on to Perth, and that Mr. Smith, being totally unable to proceed any farther, had remained behind insensible and in a dying state four days before.

Mr. Spofforth took charge of the three recovered men, while Mr. Roe, with Kinchela and Warrup, immediately proceeded in search of Mr. Smith; Ruston, notwithstanding his condition, insisted on going with them to show the spot, which he said was six or seven miles back. But it appeared, as pointed out from a height, to be more than double that distance, and they were obliged to return to the party with the water-kegs which they had taken to fill at

some wells. At dawn on the 17th he set out again with Kinchela and the native Warrup. At the end of twelve miles Warrup found marks of feet in the sand. Tracing them up a bare sand hill twelve or fourteen feet high, and turning short round, they found the unfortunate object of their search lifeless, extended on his back in the midst of a thick bush, where he seemed to have laid down to sleep. Quoting the words of his kind and zealous friend Mr. Roe:—"The poor fellow's last bed seemed to have been selected by himself, for he was half enveloped in his blanket, and, at the distance of three or four yards from him, lay all the trifling articles which had constituted his travelling equipage. These were his wooden canteen, his brown felt hat, and haversack containing his journal, shoes, tinder, steel, gun-screw, a few small canvass bags which he had used for carrying shell-fish, and a small bag with thread, needles, and buttons. Life seemed to have been extinct rather more than two days, and, from the position of the head, which had fallen considerably below the level of the body, we were led to conclude that a rush of blood into the brain had caused his death, and, at the last, without much suffering."

Mr. Roe goes on to say that, with the help of the soldier and Warrup, they made a grave with their hands, and buried poor Smith deep in a sand-hill, near the shore, about seventy-six miles to the north of Swan River. Even Warrup, notwithstanding the general apathy of the native character, wept like a child over the untimely fate of this young man, from whom he had formerly received kindness. They then went forward half a mile to a spot which had been indicated to them, where water was found by digging, and returned to Mr. Spoforth and the rest of his party, all of whom arrived in safety at Perth, on the 22nd, having received notice on their road of the previous safe arrival of Mr. Walker. Mr. Grey's account of Mr. Smith shows that the latter had been several times unwell before the landing in Gantheaume Bay. The heat of the sun had so affected his head as to throw him frequently into a swooning state, and during the latter days of his suffering journey, he had been sinking into a kind of stupor, though he had still walked when the others walked, and eaten such food as they had eaten. Mr. Grey's words are—"When aroused by danger, or stimulated by a sense of duty, he was as bold as a lion; his manner to me was ever gentleness itself, as, indeed, it was to all, and during the whole period of our acquaintance, the slightest difference never occurred between us; you may judge therefore how much I regret him." This unfortunate young man had left England expressly for the purpose of joining Lieutenant Grey. Upon the final return of this ill-fated expedition, a very strong desire was expressed by some gentlemen of the colony to remove Mr. F. Smith's remains to Perth, but Lieutenant Grey declined their kindhearted and considerate proposal, preferring rather to let him rest close by the spot where he died, having given the name of his unfortunate friend to a river which here hides itself in the sandy plains, and near which he fell so early a sacrifice to his gallant and enterprising spirit.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We are glad to hear a good report of the Exhibition, opened on Tuesday last, at the Mechanics' Institution in Birmingham. A friend thus writes to us:—"It contains more than one hundred thousand articles arranged very tastefully in the rooms belonging to the Institution. Ornithology is the richest department in Natural History: there is a very perfect collection of British birds belonging to Dr. Lloyd; and a beautiful collection of the varieties of the humming bird, prepared by Mr. Heywood, a mechanic of Coventry, who devotes his leisure hours to the cultivation of Natural History. There are also several cases of birds prepared by natives of Birmingham, displaying not only great knowledge of zoology, but considerable artistic skill in the picturesque arrangement of the specimens. The departments of Geology, Mineralogy, and Crystallography, are rich, but not extensive. The antiquities are chiefly illustrative of the state of society during the middle ages—suits of armour, swords, fire-arms, &c., belonging to the wars of the Roses and of the Commonwealth. In this collection are the chair in which

Henry VI. sat when he held his parliament at Coventry, Queen Mary's oratory, and several rich carvings in oak. There is also a collection of the warlike and domestic implements of savage life. The paintings are very numerous, including several Vandykes, and Fuseli's celebrated Hercules in the infernal regions. The sculptures and models in plaster are chiefly busts, but among them there is a humorous representation of Falstaff carousing at the Boar's Head. Among the wood carvings is a ship, with her ropes, sails, &c., cut from a single piece of box-wood about an inch and a half in length. The models of engines, machinery, &c. are not so numerous as they were in the exhibition at the Grammar School during the visit of the British Association, but among them are some articles which were not then displayed, especially some lathes of admirable construction and great power. The processes of manufacture exhibited in actual operation are, modelling in baked China—the art of pin-heading—the Jacquard loom—taking the impressions of medals by voltaic electricity—and the plaiting of whips. The phenomena of electro-magnetism are illustrated by continuous experiments; and machines for letter-press and lithographic printing are in constant operation. The interest taken by the operatives in this exhibition is very gratifying, and it is particularly interesting to hear the artisans describing to uninitiated visitors the several parts of the process illustrated."

We regret to learn from the *Perth Gazette*, (Western Australia) of the 25th of May last, the death of Mr. F. C. Smith, grandson of Mr. William Smith, so long the representative of Norwich, who died from exhaustion in the "bush," 90 miles to the northward of the town of Perth. Mr. Smith accompanied Lieut. Grey in a recent expedition to Shark's Bay, in lat. 25° S., about the centre of the western coast of Australia, and in a hurricane which occurred there on the 28th February, he gallantly volunteered to swim to the shore from the boats with the line to which the provisions were attached, by this not mainly contributing to the preservation of the whole party. The boats being wrecked, the expedition was obliged to return by land to Perth, a direct distance of about 500 miles, in the course of which, they crossed nine streams falling into the sea, some of them of considerable size. In this long journey the party suffered numerous privations and much fatigue, to which Mr. Smith unhappily fell a victim when within 90 miles of the colony at Swan River. An interesting narrative of the Expedition, taken from the *Chronicle*, will be found in the preceding page.

A forthcoming work of promise, forgotten in our announcement of last week, is a set of 'Twelve Views in the Interior of Guiana, with descriptive letter-press,' by that indefatigable and enterprising traveller Mr. Schomburgk. With a general outline of the proceedings of the Expedition, in the progress of which these views were taken, the readers of the *Athenæum* are already familiar. During the latter part the researches of Mr. Schomburgk were connected with those of Humboldt: both travellers having reached as far as Esmeralda, the one arriving there from the East, the other from the West. Esmeralda is situated on the upper Orinoco, and is the site of a former Catholic mission, and the view of it, to be given in the proposed work, and which we have seen, is equally interesting and beautiful, and a good earnest of what the collection will be.

In another part of our paper will be found a letter from Horace Vernet, who had just arrived in Egypt. By intelligence since received, it appears that, in pursuance of the arrangement therein announced, he astonished Mohammed Ali by the application of the Daguerreotype, to the production, in the Pasha's presence, of a fine view of the port of that city, taken from the seraglio. The Pasha, we suspect, will be still more astonished when he hears that, on the 6th instant, the Geographical Society of Paris awarded to him their first prize, for his journey up the Nile to Semhar and Fazoglo! The Prince of Wurtemberg, who was the painter's fellow traveller, was on his way into the province of Fazoglo, which he is about to visit on a scientific excursion, having obtained, for that purpose, an escort of a hundred men from the Pasha. The officers mentioned by M. Vernet as having been presented at the same audience to the Pasha, were probably M. Edmond Combes, one of the authors of

the 'Voyage en Abyssinie,' (*Athen.* Nos. 562-3), who has been recently charged by the French government with a mission into Abyssinia, M. Peluchenan, physician, M. Laurès, the naturalist, and M. Félix Combes, a subaltern officer, who have been joined with him in that commission. M. Combes is the bearer of presents from Louis Philippe to the different kings reigning in Abyssinia.—Among the papers read at the meeting of the Geographical Society before alluded to, were an account of an Excursion in Southern Arabia by a young naturalist, M. Botta, son of the well-known historian, who has ascended Mount Sabir, to the east of Mokha, to the height of 9,000 feet above the sea, and visited Taas and other towns in Yemen,—the report of M. Boré, of his journey through Asia Minor and into Persia,—and a résumé of the progress of Geography during the past year by the Secretary, M. Berthelot.

Our readers are aware that M. de Chateaubriand, after preparing his Memoirs avowedly with a view to posthumous publication, and very ostentatiously announcing the fact, collected his friends, by sound of trumpet, in the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*, and read to them his confessions, under the auspices of his friend Madame Récamier,—thereby securing to himself a forestalment of those praises which he knew would fail to "soothe the dull cold ear of death," and, by an ingenious device, contriving to get a glimpse, while in the flesh, of that apotheosis to which he believes himself to be destined. Shortly afterwards, the French papers, in announcing the erection of a monument on the island of the Grand Bré, at St. Malo, destined hereafter to receive the mortal remains of the celebrated writer, stated that many foreigners of distinction and men of letters were expected to assist at the consecration of this mausoleum, by the Bishop of Rheims,—including the author of 'Atala' himself,—who had thus arranged to take a part in his own funeral honours. Whether or not M. de Chateaubriand did act as chief mourner on this occasion we never heard; but have little doubt that he would suffer himself to be buried alive, if such a mode of being placed very strikingly *en représentation* should be seriously suggested to him. We see, at any rate, that he abides by the implications contained in the aforesaid ceremonies; and our Paris correspondent assures us that M. Chateaubriand considers himself dead and buried. Seriously, we regret to observe that at the anniversary meeting of the friends of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, lately held in that city, a letter was read from M. de Chateaubriand, in answer to one which had been addressed to him soliciting his presence, wherein he stated that he goes out no more, and that his relations with the world are at an end.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

This Establishment will positively be CLOSED on SATURDAY NEXT, the 26th instant.—The Pictures now exhibiting represent the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Three.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 5.—Francis Baily, Esq. V.P. in the chair.

The reading of the minutes of the last ordinary meeting, and of the Anniversary Meeting, occupied the whole time. The following is the Address of the President (the Marquis of Northampton), and the biographical notice of the Members deceased since the last anniversary.

Gentlemen,—A year having now elapsed since you conferred upon me the highly honourable office of your President, it becomes my duty, in accordance with the example of my predecessors, to address you. The first and most agreeable part of my task is to express my feelings of gratitude to those Gentlemen whom you were pleased to select as my Council. * *

The past year has indeed been to that portion of the Royal Society which takes an active part in its affairs, one of more than usual labour and exertion,—of labour and exertion, destined, as I hope, to produce rich and ample fruit. The great and marking peculiarity which has attended it, has been the

sailing of the Antarctic Expedition. The importance of following up in the southern regions of the globe the magnetic inquiries so interesting to men of science in Europe, was strongly felt by one of our distinguished Fellows, Major Sabine, and by him brought before the notice of the British Association at their meeting at Newcastle, as he had also previously done at Dublin. That great assemblage of men of science, concurring in the views of Major Sabine, resolved to suggest to Her Majesty's Government the propriety of sending out a scientific expedition; and the Royal Society lost no time in warmly and zealously seconding the recommendation; and, in compliance with the request conveyed to us by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Council transmitted to the Government a body of hints and instructions in different branches of science, which I trust are likely to be of material use both to the principal and to the subsidiary objects of the Antarctic Expedition. (See *ante*, pp. 611, 631.) These hints and instructions would have been far less extensive and efficient if the Council had not been able to have recourse to the several Scientific Committees, of whose formation the Society is already aware. The Expedition has now sailed, amply provided with the best scientific instruments, and furnished with ample scientific instructions: it is commanded by one well acquainted both with magnetic inquiry and nautical research. We may therefore hope that, with the blessing of Providence, it will return with a store of knowledge valuable to the geographer, to the geologist, to the meteorologist, and to him also who studies the marvels of vegetable and animal life. In addition to all this we may hope, that the main object of the Expedition will be accomplished by additional light thrown on the obscure problems which still attend the magnetism of the earth, and that by such discoveries Captain James Clark Ross may not only add to his own reputation and his country's glory, but also give to the adventurous mariner increased facility and security in traversing the pathways of the ocean. The Antarctic Expedition was not the only measure recommended by the Royal Society and the British Association to Her Majesty's Government. Another important recommendation, which had previously been brought forward by Baron Humboldt, (See *Athen.* No. 487,) was the establishment of fixed magnetic observatories for the purpose of making simultaneous observations in different parts of our colonial possessions. These recommendations have been readily acceded to, both by the Government and by the Directors of the East India Company, and probably, ere many months shall have elapsed, the observatories will be in full activity. **

I have stated, Gentlemen, that your Council had recourse to the Scientific Committees for assistance in drawing up instructions for the Expedition in different branches of knowledge; those committees, who were named only two years ago, were at first apparently more a matter of form than substance; they have now been found capable of doing excellent service. Not only has your Council consulted them on the questions already alluded to, but also, observing that the several Committees are composed of the most competent judges of the merits of the memoirs in the respective departments of science communicated to the Society, they have, in general, referred the papers to them to report upon previously to coming to a decision regarding their publication. The Royal Society, from its character of pursuing every branch of physical science, is evidently in a different position from other societies professing some one science alone. It may be reasonably expected, that in the Botanical or Geological Society, for instance, the whole Council should possess a certain degree of botanical or geological knowledge. This, however, cannot be the case with us. Our Council will comprise a few astronomers, a few zoologists, a few botanists, and a few persons well acquainted with geology and medicine; but no single science can monopolize a large number of its members. In difficult questions we have therefore felt that it is more satisfactory to ourselves, and we think probably more so to the general body of the society, and to those who have favoured us with papers, that we should ask the opinion of a larger number of men conversant with the immediate sciences in question. At the same time, the Council retains its responsibility for its acts, and the chief

officers of the society are officially members of each of the scientific committees. The Council have derived a further assistance from these Committees in the adjudication of our medals. In naming these Committees, the Council has had both a difficult and a delicate task. Convinced that bodies, when too numerous, are little adapted for business, they have also felt that the power of giving their attendance might be more important than absolute superiority of scientific attainments. Some members have, however, been selected, though really non-resident, because it was believed that their colleagues might wish to consult them by letter. With these objects and views, the Council have done their best; but they have little doubt that some gentlemen have been overlooked and omitted, whose presence in the Committees might have been very desirable. The Society must consider this as in some degree a new system, to be perfected and improved by experience alone. Another question has occupied a share of the time of the Council during the last year. We have felt that the testimonial of recommendation for new Fellows has scarcely been sufficiently definite and precise in stating the grounds on which the candidate was recommended to the body of the Society. We have therefore thought it desirable to draw up forms of testimonial, some one of which may be adopted as most fit for each individual so recommended. We have thought this more fair, at the same time, to the meritorious candidate and to those electors who are otherwise left in the dark with respect to his claims for their suffrages. We hope and trust that this new regulation will not stand in the way of any candidate who would be a desirable addition to our number.

[The President here paid a high and well deserved compliment to the "tried and valuable" officer of the Society, Mr. Robertson; and stated that the pecuniary claims of Mr. Panizzi having been referred to Mr. Bethune, that gentleman had decided that a balance of 328*l* was due to him.]

The vacancies in the list of our Foreign Members have been supplied by the election of M. Savart of Paris, Signor Melloni of Parma, M. Quetelet of Brussels, M. Hansteen of Christiana, Prof. Agassiz of Neuchâtel, and M. von Martius of Munich, as those Fellows who were present at their election will remember.

I have to announce to you, Gentlemen, with great regret, the retirement of Captain Smyth from the office of Foreign Secretary, in consequence of his leaving his present residence for one at an inconvenient distance from London.

I have the honour, Gentlemen, to inform you that the Council have, by an unanimous decision, awarded the Royal Medals to Dr. Martin Barry and Mr. Ivory, and the Copley Medal for the year to Mr. Robert Brown; and I shall now beg leave to address myself to those three Gentlemen.

Dr. Barry—It gives me sincere pleasure to bestow this medal on a gentleman who has so well deserved it, by researches in a difficult and important portion of animal physiology*. Your merits have been appreciated by men much more capable of understanding the subject than I can pretend to be—by men selected by the Council of the Royal Society for their physiological science, who have felt the great value of the discoveries you have made by accurate and diligent research, aided by the skilful use of the microscope. I trust that the award of this medal will encourage you to persevere in the same course, and that future discoveries may add to your reputation and to that of the important profession to which you belong.

Mr. Ivory—It is not the first time that you have been addressed from this chair, and it gives me great satisfaction to follow the steps of my predecessors, Sir Joseph Banks and Sir H. Davy, by again bestowing a medal on one who has done honour to the Royal Society, and pre-eminently distinguished for his mathematical attainments. The labours of your life are too well known to the scientific world to require any eulogium from me, and I consider that in this tribute to your paper on astronomical refraction, we are rather doing

an honour to ourselves than to you. (See *Athen.* No. 553.)

Mr. Brown—In conferring the Copley Medal on you for your valuable discoveries in vegetable impregnation, I am quite sure that the voice of scientific Europe will respond to the decision of the Council of the Royal Society. The Académie des Sciences has already pronounced on your merits, as also on those of Mr. Ivory, by electing you as well as that gentleman to a seat among their foreign members; and the University of Oxford has also, by an honorary degree, given you a similar testimonial. That you are one of our Fellows is to myself a circumstance peculiarly agreeable, as it must be to the whole body over whom I have the honour to preside. Your discoveries in the particular botanical question, for which I have to give you the Copley Medal, are so important, not only in a botanical, but also in a general scientific point of view, by showing the close analogies of animal and vegetable life, that the Committee of Zoology have felt it as much their province as that of the Committee of Botany, to recommend that the Copley Medal should be bestowed upon you; and the Council have come to an unanimous resolution to give it, though at the same time other gentlemen were recommended by other scientific committees, with whom even an unsuccessful rivalry would be no mean praise. I hope, Mr. Brown, that you may long enjoy life and leisure to pursue researches so valuable to science and so honourable to the country of which you are a native.

In drawing up the following notice of the losses which the Royal Society has sustained during the last year, in conformity with the practice of my predecessors, I have availed myself of the assistance of one of the Fellows, whose acquaintance with the labours of men of science peculiarly qualified him for the execution of a task which I could not myself have ventured to undertake. I therefore will not longer occupy your time by any further remarks of my own, but will conclude by the expression of my present wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Society, and for its success in furthering the noble ends for which it was instituted.

THE REV. MARTIN DAVY was originally a member of the medical profession, which he followed, during a greater part of his life, with no inconsiderable reputation. He became a medical student of Caius College in 1787, and was elected to a fellowship in 1793 and to the mastership in 1803, the late illustrious Dr. Wollaston being one of his competitors. One of the first acts of his administration was to open his College to a more large and liberal competition, by the abolition of some mischievous and unstatutable restrictions, which had been sanctioned by long custom, and also by making academical merit and honours the sole avenue to college preferment: and he lived to witness the complete success of this wise and liberal measure, in the rapid increase of the number of high academical honours which were gained by members of his College, and by the subsequent advancement of many of them to the highest professional rank and eminence. Some years after his accession to the mastership, he took holy orders and commuted the degree of Doctor of Medicine for that of Theology, and in later life he was collated to some considerable ecclesiastical preferments. Dr. Davy had no great acquaintance with the details of accurate science, but he was remarkable for the extent and variety of his attainments in classical and general literature; his conversation was eminently lively and original, and not less agreeable from its occasional tendency to somewhat paradoxical, though generally harmless speculations. He died in May last, after a long illness, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by his many social and other virtues.

Dr. HERBERT MARSH, Bishop of Peterborough, and one of the most acute and learned theologians of his age, became a member of St. John's College in the University of Cambridge in the year 1775 and took his B.A. degree in 1770, being second in the list of Wranglers, which was headed by his friend and relation Mr. Thomas Jones, a man whose intellectual powers were of the highest order, and who for many years filled the office of tutor of Trinity College with unequalled success and reputation. Soon after his election to a fellowship, he went to Germany, where he devoted himself during many years to theo-

* By these researches the author has brought to light many new and interesting facts, and has repeated and confirmed previous observations regarding the nature, formation, and development of the ovum in the vertebrata, and especially in the mammalia.

logical and general studies, and first became known to the public as the translator and learned commentator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament. It was during his residence abroad that he published in the German language various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars, and more particularly a very elaborate "History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the time of the Conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War," a work which produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. In 1807, he was elected Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, an appointment of great value and importance, which he retained for the remainder of his life. On the resumption of his residence in the University, he devoted himself with great diligence to the preparation of his lectures on various important branches of Divinity, interposing a great number of occasional publications on the Catholic Question, the Bible Society, and various other subjects of political and theological controversy. In 1816 he was appointed Bishop of Llandaff; and three years afterwards he was translated to the see of Peterborough. In the course of a few years from this time, his health, which had been already undermined by his sedentary habits and severe studies, began rapidly to decline, and he was compelled to abstain from the active duties of his professorship and from the exciting labours of controversy; and though his infirmities continued to increase both in number and severity, yet his life was prolonged to a mature old age by the vigilant and anxious care and nursing of one of the most exemplary and affectionate of wives. Dr. Marsh was a man of great learning and very uncommon vigour of mind, and as a writer, remarkable for the great precision of his language and his singular clearness in the statement of his argument. His lectures on Divinity are a most valuable contribution to the theological student, and his "Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome" presents one of the most masterly views of the great principles which distinguish those churches, which has ever appeared from the pen of a Protestant writer. His controversial writings, though generally full of acuteness and ability, must be expected to share the fate of all productions which are not kept from perishing by the permanent existence of the interests, of whatever nature, which gave rise to them: and we may justly lament that learning and powers of reasoning of so extraordinary a character, were not more exclusively and steadily devoted to the completion of more durable and systematic theological labours.

PROFESSOR RIGAUD.—The father of the late Professor Rigaud had the care of the King's Observatory at Kew, an appointment which probably influenced the early tastes and predilections of his son. He was admitted a member of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1791, at the early age of sixteen, and continued to reside there as fellow and tutor until 1810, when he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry. He afterwards succeeded to the care of the Radcliffe Observatory, and the noble suite of instruments by Bird, with which it is furnished, was augmented, on his recommendation, by a new transit and circle, so as to fit it for the most refined purposes of modern practical astronomy: and we venture to express a hope that it will shortly become equally efficient and useful with the similar establishment which exists in the sister university. Professor Rigaud published, in 1831, the miscellaneous works and correspondence of Bradley, to which he afterwards added a very interesting supplement on the astronomical papers of Harriott. In 1838, he published some curious notices of the first publication of the Principia of Newton; and he had also projected a Life of Halley, with a view of rescuing the memory of that great man from much of the obloquy to which it has been exposed; he had made extensive collections for a new edition of the mathematical collections of Pappus: and he was the author of many valuable communications to the Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society, and to other scientific journals, on various subjects connected with physical and astronomical science. There was probably no other person of his age who was equally learned on all subjects connected with the history and literature of astronomy. Professor

Rigaud was a man of most amiable character, and of singularly pleasing manners and person. The warmth of his affections, his modesty, gentleness, and love of truth, as well as the great variety of his acquisitions and accomplishments, had secured him the love and respect of a large circle of friends, not merely in his own university, but amongst men of science generally. He died in London in March last, after a short but painful illness, which he bore with a fortitude and resignation which might have been expected from his gentle, patient, and truly Christian character.

MR. WILKINS, Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy—(see *Athen. ante*, p. 685).

THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON, senior Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, was born in 1757, became a member of the University of Glasgow in 1772, and of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1775, and took the degree of B.C.L. in 1784: he soon afterwards took holy orders in the English Church, and was presented to several ecclesiastical preferments by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and Bishop Douglas of Salisbury. In 1784 he married the daughter of the celebrated Dr. John Gregory of Edinburgh, with whom he lived in uninterrupted happiness for forty years of his life. His celebrated Essay "on the Nature and Principles of Taste" was first published in 1790, and speedily became incorporated into the standard literature of Great Britain. Towards the close of the last century, he became a permanent resident in his native city as minister of the Episcopal chapel, Cowgate, and afterwards of St. Paul's, where he was connected by congenial tastes and pursuits with Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Dr. Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Gregory, and the many other distinguished men who, during so many years, made that beautiful and picturesque city the metropolis of British literature. In 1814, he published two volumes of sermons; and at a later period, a very interesting memoir of his accomplished friend the Hon. Fraser Tytler Lord Woodhouselee. Mr. Alison was a man of very pleasing and refined manners, of great cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, of a clear and temperate judgment, and possessing a very extensive knowledge of mankind. He was habitually pious and humble-minded, exhibiting, in the whole tenor of his life, the blessed influence of that Gospel of which he was the ordained minister. All his writings are characterized by that pure and correct taste, the principles of which he had illustrated with so much elegance and beauty.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON was born in 1766, at the lodge of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, of which his grandfather, Bishop Law, was master. He became a student, and afterwards a fellow of Queen's College in that University, and attained the fourth place on the mathematical tripos in 1787. After practising for some years at the bar, he was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon, a station which he filled for several years with great advantage to that colony. On his return from the East, he was made Auditor of the Exchequer, and also received from his uncle Lord Ellenborough the appointment of Master of the Crown Office. He was an intimate friend of Wollaston and Tennant; and though withdrawn by his pursuits from the active cultivation of science, he continued throughout his life to feel a deep interest in its progress. His acquaintance with classical and general literature was unusually extensive and varied, and he had the happiness of witnessing in his sons the successful cultivation of those studies which other and more absorbing duties had compelled him to abandon. Mr. Lushington was a man of a cheerful temper, of very courteous and pleasing manners, temperate and tolerant in all his opinions, and exemplary in the discharge both of his public and private duties: few persons have ever been more sincerely beloved either by their friends or by the members of their families.

MR. GEORGE SAUNDERS was formerly architect to the British Museum, where he built the Townley Gallery; he was also a diligent and learned antiquary, and the author of a very interesting and valuable paper in the twenty-sixth volume of the *Archæologia*, containing the results of an inquiry concerning the condition and extent of the city of Westminster at various periods of our history.

The only foreign members whom the Royal Society has lost during the last year are the Baron de Prony, one of the most distinguished engineers and mathematicians of the age; and the venerable Pierre Pre-

vost, formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Geneva.

GASPARD CLAIR FRANÇOIS MARIE RICHE DE PRONY, was born in the department of the Rhone in 1755, and became a pupil, at an early age, of the École des Ponts et Chaussées, where he pursued his mathematical and other studies with great application, and with more than common success. He was subsequently employed, as an adjunct of M. Perronet, the chief of that school, in many important works, and particularly in the restoration of the Port of Dunkirk; and in 1786, he drew up the engineering plan for the erection of the Pont Louis XVI., and was employed in superintending its execution. M. de Prony had already appeared before the public, first as the translator of General Roy's "Account of the Methods employed for the Measurement of the Base on Hounslow Heath," which was the basis of the most considerable geodesical operation which had at that time been undertaken; and subsequently, as the author of an essay of considerable merit, "On the Construction of Indeterminate Equations of the Second Degree." In 1790 and 1797, appeared his great work, in two large volumes, entitled *Nouvelle Architecture Hydraulique*, which is a very complete and systematic treatise on Mechanics, Hydrostatics and Hydraulics, and more particularly on the principles of the steam-engine and hydraulical engineering. In 1792 he was appointed to superintend the execution of the Cadastre, or great territorial and numerical survey of France,—a gigantic undertaking, the subsequent execution of which, during the revolutionary government, combined with the establishment of the bases of the decimal metrical system, gave employment and development to so many and such important scientific labours and discoveries: among many other laborious duties, the formation of the extensive tables devolved upon M. de Prony, who, in the course of two years, organized and instructed a numerous body of calculators, and completed the immense *Tables du Cadastre*, which are still preserved in MSS. at the library of the Observatory in seventeen enormous folio volumes. M. de Prony became Directeur-Général des Ponts et Chaussées in 1794, and was nominated the first Professor of Mechanics to the École Polytechnique;—an appointment, which led to the publication of many very important memoirs on mechanical and hydraulical subjects, and on various problems of engineering, which appeared in the Journal of that celebrated school. He declined the invitation of Napoleon to become a member of the Institute of Egypt,—a refusal which was never entirely forgotten or pardoned. In the beginning of the present century he was engaged in the execution of very extensive works connected with the embankments towards the embouchure of the Po, and in the ports of Genoa, Ancona, Pola, Venice, and the Gulf of Spezia; and in 1810, he was appointed, in conjunction with the celebrated Count Fossombroni of Florence, the head of the *Commissione de l'Agro Romano*, for the more effectual drainage and improvement of the Pontine Marshes. The result of his labours in this very important task, which he prosecuted with extraordinary zeal and success, was embodied in his *Description Hydrographique et Historique des Marais Pontins*, which appeared in 1822, which contains a very detailed description of the past, present and prospective condition of these pestilential regions, and a very elaborate scientific discussion of the general principles which should guide us, in this and all similar cases, in effecting their permanent restoration to healthiness and fertility. After the return of the Bourbons, M. de Prony continued to be employed in various important works, and more particularly in the formation of some extensive embankments towards the mouth of the Rhone. In 1817, he was made a member of the *Bureau des Longitudes*, and in the following year he was elected one of the fifty foreign members of the Royal Society: in 1828, he was created a Baron by Charles X., and was made a peer of France in 1835. He died in great tranquillity at Aonnières near Paris, in July last, in the 84th year of his age. The Baron de Prony was a man of singularly pleasing manners, of very lively conversation, and of great evenness of temper. He was one of the most voluminous writers of his age, generally upon mathematical and other subjects connected with his professional pursuits; and though we should not be justified in

placing him on the same level with some of the great men with whom he was associated for so many years of his life, yet he is one of those of whom his country may justly be proud, whether we consider the extent and character of his scientific attainments, or the great variety of important practical and useful labours in which his life was spent.

PIERRE PREVOST was born in 1751, and was originally destined to follow the profession of his father, who was one of the pastors of Geneva: at the age of twenty, however, he abandoned the study of theology for that of law, the steady pursuit of which, in time, gave way to his ardent passion for literature and philosophy: at the age of twenty-two, he became private tutor in a Dutch family, and afterwards accepted a similar situation in the family of M. Delessert, first at Lyons, and afterwards at Paris. It was in this latter city that he commenced the publication of his translation of Euripides, beginning with the tragedy of *Orestes*—a work which made him advantageously known to some of the leading men in that great metropolis of literature, and led to his appointment, in 1780, to the professorship of philosophy in the college of Nobles, and also to a place in the Academy of Berlin, on the invitation of Frederick the Great. Being thus established in a position where the cultivation of literature and philosophy became as much a professional duty as the natural accomplishment of his own wishes and tastes, he commenced a life of more than ordinary literary activity and productiveness. In the course of the four years which he passed at Berlin, he published *Observations sur les méthodes employées pour enseigner la morale; sur la théorie des gains fortuits; sur le mouvement progressif du centre de gravité de tout le système solaire; sur l'origine des vitesses projectiles; sur l'économie des anciens gouvernements; sur l'état des finances d'Angleterre*; and he also completed the three first volumes of his translation of Euripides. There were, in fact, few departments of literature or philosophy which were not comprehended in the extensive range of his studies and publications. In the year 1784, he returned to Geneva to attend the death-bed of his father, when he was induced to accept the chair of belles lettres in the University,—an appointment, which he found on trial little suited to his taste, and which he shortly afterwards resigned. For some years after this period, he was compelled more by circumstances than by inclination to partake largely in those political discussions, which, for some years, agitated his native city, and which afterwards, resumed upon a wider theatre, shook to its centre the whole framework of European society; but he gradually withdrew himself from political life on his appointment to the chair of natural philosophy in 1792, and devoted himself from thenceforth, with renewed activity and ardour, to pursuits which were most congenial to his tastes. In 1790 M. Prevost published his *Mémoire sur l'équilibre du feu*, and in the following year his *Recherches sur la chaleur*: these important memoirs were followed by many others on the same subject in various scientific journals; and the general results of all his researches and discoveries were exhibited, in a systematic form, in his well-known work *Sur le calorique rayonnant*, which was published in 1809, and in which he fully developed his *Theory of Exchanges*, and was enabled to give a consistent explanation of the principal facts which were at that time known respecting the nature and propagation of heat. It would be impossible, in the very short compass within which this notice is necessarily confined, to enumerate even a small part of the publications of an author whose pursuits were so various and whose labours were so unremitting. He contributed papers to our Transactions in 1797 and 1803; the first containing an explanation of some optical experiments of Lord Brougham, and the second, some remarks on heat and on the action of bodies which intercept it, with reference to a paper by Dr. Herschel; and in 1806, he became one of the foreign members of our body. In 1799, he obtained the first access to an essay *Sur l'influence des signes relatifs à la formation des idées*, which was written for a prize, adjudged to the celebrated Degerando, proposed by the Institute of France: and he was shortly afterwards elected a corresponding member of that body. His *Essai de philosophie, et études de l'esprit humain*, appeared in 1804, to which were appended some very remarkable Essays of his friend

and ancient preceptor Le Sage, of whom he published a most interesting life in the following year. He likewise published, in very rapid succession, translations of the Rhetoric of Blair, the Essays and posthumous works of Adam Smith, the Elements of Philosophy of Dugald Stewart, the Essay on Population by Malthus, Salt's Travels in Abyssinia, the Conversations on Political Economy, of his wife's sister-in-law, Mrs. Marcet, and many other works of less importance and interest. In 1823, at the age of 72, though still vigorous and active both in body and mind, he resigned the professorship of natural philosophy, in wise anticipation of the approach of that period of life when men naturally feel reluctant to acknowledge the decline of their faculties, or incompetent to perceive it. From this time, though still consulted by his colleagues and fellow-citizens on every important subject connected with the Academy or the state, he retired into the bosom of his family, which contained within itself, in a very uncommon degree, every element of tranquillity, contentment and happiness. His own temper was singularly equable and tranquil; and his tastes and pursuits, which rarely left his time unoccupied, saved him from that *tedium vite* which sometimes renders old age querulous and discontented. Thus happily disposed and happily circumstanced, it is not wonderful that his life should have been prolonged beyond the ordinary limits of humanity. He died on the 8th of April, in the 88th year of his age, surrounded by his family, and deeply regretted by all who knew him. The philosophical character of M. Prevost had been greatly influenced by that of his master Le Sage, a man of great originality and profundity of thought, but whose speculations, particularly those which attempted the explanation of the cause of gravity, trespassed somewhat beyond the proper limits of philosophy. We consequently find him disposed to explain the laws of the propagation of heat and light on the most simple mechanical principles, and to trace their origin and progress much farther than the experiments or facts will properly warrant; thus giving to his conclusions, in many cases, a much more hypothetical character than would otherwise have attached to them. M. Prevost had little acquaintance with the more refined resources of modern analysis; and his researches on many important branches of experimental and philosophical inquiry were consequently limited to reasonings which could be carried on by the most simple algebraical or geometrical processes. But notwithstanding the restrictions which were thus imposed on his progress, the range of his philosophical researches was unusually extensive and various, and his discoveries on heat must always be considered as constituting a most important epoch in a branch of science which has recently received so extraordinary a development in the hands of Fourier, Forbes, Melloni, and other philosophers.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 9.—G. B. Greenough, Esq. F.R.S. President, in the chair. Read, extracts from the following letters and papers:—

1. From Admiral Krusenstern, at St. Petersburg, 26th of October, stating that the Russian Expedition, which sailed from Archangel last year for the shores of Novaia Zemlia, had wintered on the islands, and had just returned to Archangel; but he regretted to add, with the loss of Lieut. Ziolkoff, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the chart of that country, he having died during the voyage.
2. From Captain P. P. King, R.N., dated Port Stephens, Australia, 24th July, 1839. "Sir George Gipps, our Governor, has lately sent a party to explore a river, of which Shoal Bay, to the northward of Port Macquarie, in lat. 29° 25' S., is the embouchure. It promises to run through a very fine country, equal to anything in other parts of the colony."
3. Outline of the exploring cruise of the *Astrolabe*, Capt. Dumont D'Urville, between the 18th of February, when she quitted Amboyne, and the 11th of June, the date of her arrival at Batavia.
4. Notes on a Tour through a part of Kurdistan, by James Brant, Esq. H.M. Consul at Erzurum.—Quitting Erzurum on the 16th of June, 1838, accompanied by Mr. A. G. Glascott, R.N., and Dr. E. D. Dickson, Mr. Brant travelled in an eastern direction for about twenty miles, as far as Hassan Kaleh,

thence, turning directly to the southward, the party continued by Aghveran and Khinis Kaleh to Mûsh; from this place they proceeded in a W.S.W. direction to the southward of the valley of the Murad Châi, or Eastern Euphrates, by Nejki and Piran, to the mines of Arganah Madem, on the western bank of the Upper Tigris; thence in a north-west direction to the town of Kharpût, the western limit of their journey. Returning to the northward of the valley of the Murad, they passed through Palû and Cheveh, and again reached Mûsh. Turning thence to the south-east, they proceeded to Bitlis and to Tatvan,—the south-western point of the lake of Van; continued around its southern shore, by Vastan and Armetid, to the town of Van, and then in a northerly direction round the north-eastern extremity of the lake, and by Ardish and the foot of Supan Tagh along its northern shore to Aklât; thus making the entire circuit of the lake within about fifteen miles. Proceeding hence in a north-eastern course, they passed the sources of the Murad Châi, at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea, and arrived at Bayazid, at the south-western foot of Ararat; thence, in a westerly direction, by Uch Kiliseh, the pass of Keusseh Tagh, and Hassan Kaleh, to Erzurum: thus completing a tour of about 900 miles through a country imperfectly known, and very incorrectly laid down on our maps,—many important towns, as Mûsh, Bitlis, Palû, Kharpût, &c., being placed from twelve to twenty miles in error in latitude. Throughout this journey the astronomical positions of the principal places were determined, as well as their height, barometrically, above the sea, and the line of route mapped by Mr. Glascott; showing, among other changes, that the lake of Van must be extended nearly thirty miles to the north-east. Khinis Kaleh, says Mr. Brant, an old town with a commanding but antiquated castle, 5,700 feet above the sea, is situated at the bottom of a deep ravine, with precipitous sides of rock: through it flows the Kaleh Su, which rises in the Min Göl Tagh, and falls ultimately into the Murad Châi. The town contains about 650 persons, and a well-built mosque. Mûsh is a miserable town, with a population of about 6,000, of which 2,500 are Armenians. It is situated on a fine plain, forty miles long by twelve broad, watered by numerous streams, yet in some parts stony and arid. It lies 4,700 feet above the sea, and the climate is less rigorous than that of Erzurum, which city is elevated 6,100 feet. Grapes, melons, and all common fruits are produced. The plain is said to contain 100 villages, averaging thirty families each. On our journey to the westward we crossed the range of Koshm Tagh (6,800 feet), and descended 2,000 feet to the pretty valley of Shin, watered by the small stream of the Kolp Sâ, a tributary of the Tigris, which has its sources at the upper end of this valley, within three miles of the Murad Châi, or Eastern Euphrates, but instead of joining the basin of that river, flows southerly towards the Tigris. Ascending the mountains to the west of Shin to the height of 6,500 feet, we descended by the most difficult path I ever went over, at times in a zig-zag direction, down the face of an almost perpendicular rock, about 1,200 feet, into the valley of the Kolp Sâ, running to the southward.

Arganah Madem, or the mine of Arganah, lies on the west bank of the Tigris, at 3,650 feet above the sea. The hills around of a crumbling whitish clay, devoid of vegetation. From this place to Kharpût, the road leads past the pretty lake of Güljik; and from the summit of the mountains beyond, we looked down upon one of the richest and best cultivated plains in Turkey, the fields waving with good crops of corn ripe for the sickle,—on the northern side of which, on an eminence rising 1,200 feet above the plain, is the town of Kharpût. At Mezirah,—a small village two miles to the southward,—in the plain, we found the camp of Hafiz Pasha, and received from him every civility and attention. During the twelve days we passed here all our party suffered from sickness. Returning to the eastward, we passed through Palû, a town of 5,000 persons, chiefly employed in manufacturing cloth from native cotton. It is seated on the northern bank of the Murad Châi, 500 feet above the river, and 3,300 above the sea. The valley of Bitlis runs nearly north and south; a ravine opens into it from the west, another from the N.W., and a third from the east; and at their

common point of junction the town is situated at an elevation of 3,150 feet above the sea. In the centre rises an abrupt rock to the height of 60 feet, on the summit of which are the ruins of a castle, the residence of the former beys of Bitlis. At its eastern base lie the bazars; while the streets, lining the banks of the streams which flow through the valley and the ravines, and extending up them, give an irregular form to the town, which covers a considerable area, on account of the gardens interspersed among the houses in the ravines. Bare limestone mountains rise on every side, about 2,000 feet above the valley; and the bottoms of the ravines are filled with orchards irrigated by numerous streams and springs. The antique looking city, placed in so remarkable a situation, the serene character and great height of the mountains, and the cheerful vegetation of the valleys, viewed from the residence of Sherif Bey, combine to form a prospect as singular as interesting. The population consists of 15,000; one third of which are Armenians. There are three mosques with minarets, and twelve chapels, belonging to howling dervishes, of which sect this city would appear to be the principal seat, from the number of its followers. The lake of Van covers about 900 square geographical miles, and the water is salt; it is situated 5,470 feet above the level of the sea. We only observed six small trading craft upon it, chiefly employed carrying cotton, grain, and timber. The town of Van, situated among orchards, on the east side of the lake, contains about 35,000 inhabitants, nearly one half of which are Armenian. The trade is considerable. The lake abounds in fish; and we saw multitudes of cormorants, gulls, and other water-fowl. The rock on which the castle of Van is built, is a long, narrow, isolated mass, rising 300 feet above the plain: it extends about half a mile in a S.E. direction, and its south-western face is perpendicular; its breadth may be 100 yards at the summit, on which stands the citadel. The whole is of hard compact limestone. By a special order from the Pasha, we were permitted to visit the castle and examine its caves, but we could not discover either letters or paintings on the walls—they had probably been used as sepulchres. We visited the cuneiform inscriptions, well known to exist near Van; and the Pasha expressed great anxiety to know if we could translate them.

Sept. 1.—Early this morning we commenced the ascent of the celebrated mountain of Supan Tagh, which rises on the northern shore of the Lake, full 4,000 feet above its surface, and 9,500 above the level of the sea. We rode up slowly for 3½ hours, till we reached the edge of the crater, out of which the central cone rises. From this spot we proceeded on foot by the most difficult ascent I ever attempted, not only for its steepness, but from the oppression at the chest we all felt: we could not ascend more than five or six steps without stopping to take breath. At length, after four hours from leaving our horses, and seven hours and a half from the base, we reached one of the highest peaks overlooking the lake of Van, and planted our theodolite on its summit. The view from this spot was truly magnificent: at our feet the broad expanse of the lake of Van, more like a sea than a lake; in the distance we counted seven other small lakes; to the south were the ranges of Arjesh and Erdosh; to the S.E. the rock and citadel of Van; to the north, the range of Min-göl and the cone-like peak of Keusch Tagh, above Toprak Kaleh, in the plain of Arishkert; while in the north-eastern horizon, the beautiful peak of the Great and Lesser Ararat, at a distance of eighty miles, were distinctly visible, their summits rising into the regions of eternal snow.

Mr. Brant's paper was illustrated by a map constructed by Mr. Glascott, on the scale of six inches to a degree, showing the whole of their route; also by a section of the high land of Armenia, between Trebisond on the Black Sea, and Mösul on the Tigris, a direct distance of 360 geographical miles, exhibiting the remarkable features of that elevated plateau, which for the greater part preserves a level of 6,000 feet above the sea, till towards its southern end, where the mountains of Juwar Tagh—the strongholds of the Kurds and the Nestorian Christians—are said to reach an elevation of 15,000 feet, from whence the descent is almost abrupt to the low level of the plains of Mesopotamia.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society (Scienc. Bus.)	4 P. Eight.
THUR.	Numismatic Society	Seven.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—The recent cast of 'Der Freischütz' at this theatre deserves the good word of the critics. Allowing for an unpleasant voice to be heard in the part of Anna, and which makes us inquire why the part was not given to Mrs. A. Croft: the performance of the opera, as a whole, is level, careful, and free from those feeblenesses and vulgarities which used of old, at our national theatres, to make sad havoc with all classical music—save the dear old English ballad!—We must specify, with praise, Mr. Fraser's good taste and good voice in the part of Rudolph; and the entire performance of the chorus, which, if not strong, is smooth. To come to the best thing last:—We were more than pleased with Miss Delcy's *Agatha*; and this, with every tone of the renowned Berlin *prima donna*—the *Fassmann*—in our ears,—with every one of those graceful attitudes before our eyes, to study which Rauch, the well-known sculptor, sends his pupils into the theatre. Miss Delcy appears, to us, to have received a more thorough vocal education than any singer whose *début* we recollect on the English stage: her voice is free and (a great desideratum with us) refined in its production. That she is a musician, moreover, we are disposed to augur, from her steady but nice measurement of time, and the perfect mastery she showed over all the fragmentary phrases of her part, especially in its concerted music. A song may be got up by *cramming*, but these never can, so as thoroughly to satisfy the ear. In short, there appears to be nothing to prevent Miss Delcy from taking a higher rank as an operatic singer, than any of her predecessors; save her master, whoever he may be, that writes her cadences,—or the taste, if her own taste it be, which permits her, for the sake of a glide, a roulade, or a high *soprano* note, to alter the composer's original passage. Ere these amount to a serious drawback, not with the galleries, but with the few, Miss Delcy should "reform them altogether." She has too many excellent requisites to be spared one iota of the strict truth.

MISCELLANEA

Egypt.—We mentioned, some time since, that Horace Vernet had been invited to Egypt, by the Pasha, for the purpose of painting the battle of Nezib. A letter has been received from him, of which the following is a translation:—

Alexandria, Nov. 6, 1839.

For the last three days we have been in Egypt! Judge of my delight, as I tread the soil which is haunted by such mighty recollections! Our passage was a most prosperous one. On quitting Malta, we bore for Syria, amid all the islands of the Archipelago. From the point of Peloponnesus—from Cape Matapan to Candia, what sterility!—but then, what illustrious names! In truth, however, this portion of Greece should be seen with the imagination, rather than with the eyes. We stayed two days at Syria; there, for the first time, I found myself among Greeks,—and there, all was new and of surpassing interest for me. I was the better enabled to see all things, from having, as my cicero, a charming Greek lady, Madame Métingen, who took me everywhere. Our two days, therefore, passed rapidly away. We re-embarked, and on the 4th, at daybreak, arrived before Alexandria, and found ourselves in the midst of that fleet which so puzzles diplomacy, but whose aspect is so beautiful to those who, like us, seek the East to occupy themselves with no other questions than those of art. Nothing, in fact, can be more imposing than those huge sea-monsters, with cannon for their scales, whom our good friends, the English, so desire to consign to the frying-pan. At eight in the morning, we anchored in the midst of the fleet; and the commandant took me ashore, along with the Prince of Wurtemberg,—whom the Comte de Medem came to fetch away in his carriage. I was grieved that I could not feast my eyes on the spectacle spread out before them; but it was necessary to

begin by delivering our letters to M. Cochelet,—from whom I had the most flattering reception, and who has exhibited a disposition to do all that in him lay to render my journey at once pleasant and safe.

Our first day was employed in viewing the monuments,—our second in visiting the fleet and the arsenal. The Turco-Egyptian fleet is magnificent—composed of fifty-two large ships. We went on board the Turkish and Egyptian flag-ships, to judge of the difference between them. It is all in favour of the Egyptian navy. It must, however, be confessed that their sailors have an odd bearing, and cut a sorry figure by the side of ours. This morning, our presentation to the Pasha took place. At nine, the Janissaries arrived, to take us to the consul's house. We were eight in number, including my nephew Charles Burton, and M. Goupil (my two travelling companions), and three young staff officers, on their way to Abyssinia. We were all in uniform,* mounted on very fine Arabian horses, and preceded by Janissaries and running footmen. On our way, the several posts presented arms, and the drums beat the march, (*sous champs*). On our arrival at the palace, which is at the extremity of the city, the same honours were paid us by the guard. We were introduced into the audience hall; whose only article of furniture was a large divan, in one corner of which sat Mehemet Ali, cross-legged. The consul announced our names and qualities. The Pasha then signed to us to sit down beside him, graciously saluting us with his hand. Coffee was served; and conversation began, with the aid of his interpreter,—who, whilst he addressed him, fanned away the flies. The interview lasted more than an hour. His Highness gave me a most flattering reception, and demanded a picture of the battle of Nezib. He promised me not only all the necessary firmans for the security of my route, but likewise private letters to the pashas, enjoining them to place troops at my disposal, that I might safely traverse all countries which I desire to visit. I shall take, for example, a letter for the Pasha of Damascus, requiring him to furnish me an escort of horsemen to Palmyra. Mehemet is small in stature; his beard is white, his face dark, his skin tanned, his eye vivid, his movements quick, his speech abrupt, his air sarcastic and *spirituel*. He laughs freely when he has launched some sarcasm—a pleasure which he gave himself frequently in our presence, and always when the conversation turned on politics. For the rest, all seems settled; and it appears to be perfectly understood here that France will support the independence of Egypt. We were shown over all the palace;—a sort of large Italian villa, with which a French taste would be apt to find much fault. The most curious apartment is the bedchamber of the Viceroy. It is a saloon after the fashion of those in the Parisian hotels. In the midst of this apartment is spread a large rough white woollen stuff, looking like two or three sheep-skins sewn together; and over this is laid a large mattress, covered with a tissue of silk, embroidered in gold, like the girdles of the Levant. This bed is surrounded by an ample mosquito-curtain of gauze, embroidered with broad rose-coloured riband. The mosquito-curtain does not close completely round; and two men are stationed, by night, at each side of the bed, to drive away the mosquitos.

We keep *Duquerry* away, like lions; and from Cairo hope to send home an interesting remittance,—for here there is but little to sketch. Tomorrow, we are to make experiments with the instrument before the Pasha,—who earnestly desires to appreciate for himself the results of a discovery, known to him, as yet, only by description. We leave Alexandria, the day after to-morrow, for Cairo, where we purpose remaining eight or ten days; and thence, we shall take our route across the desert.

H. VERNET.

Meteorite Phenomena.—[The following report has been obligingly forwarded to us by Dr. Templeton, of the Ordnance Medical Department.]—At Colombo, in Ceylon, the non-commissioned officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery were instructed to look out for the meteoric appearances which have excited so much interest lately. They commenced observing on the 9th of November, 1838, and continued to do so until the 20th of the same month. The following table

* M. Horace Vernet is a staff-captain in the National Guard of Paris.

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